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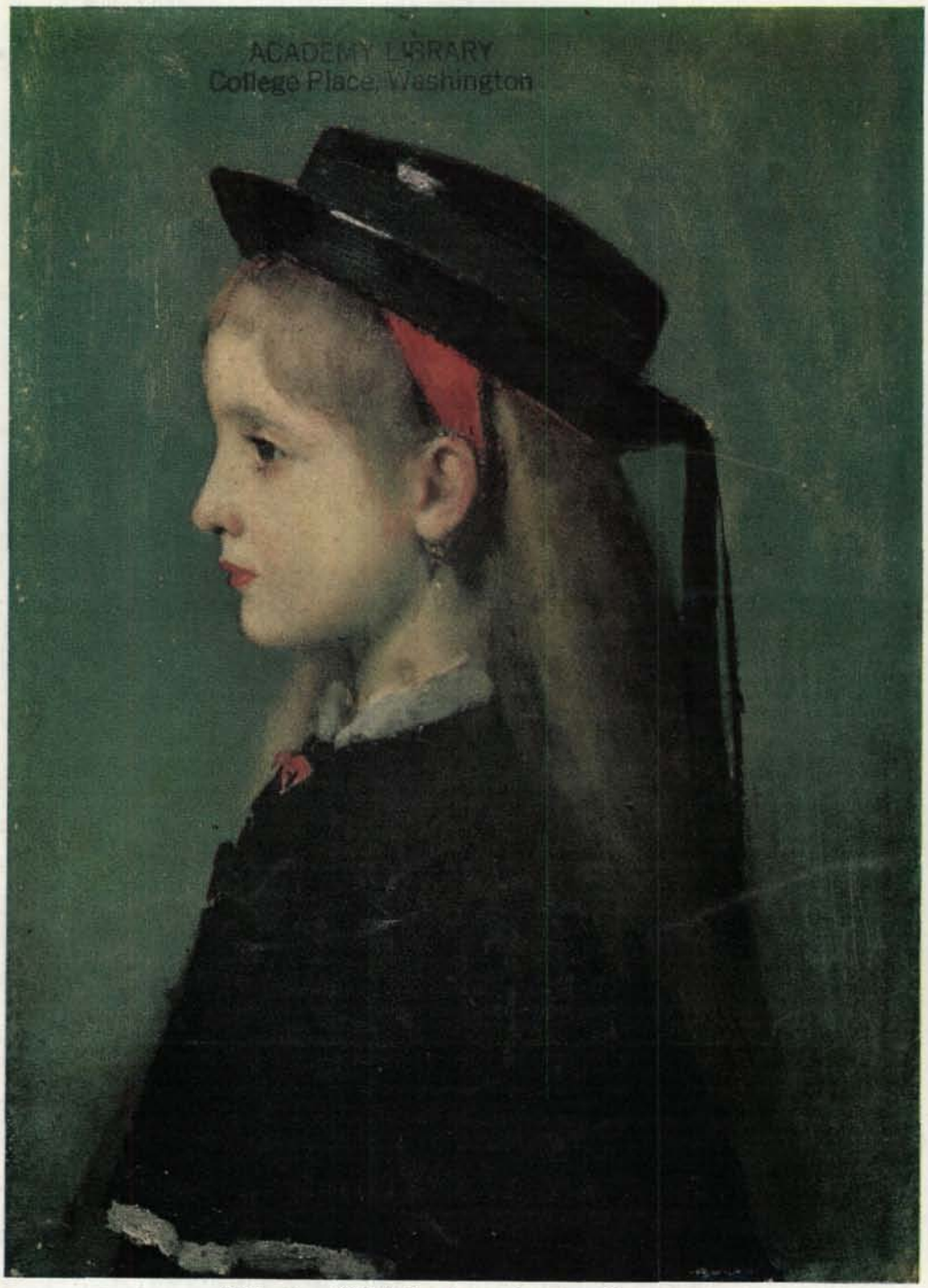

"Alsatian Girl," by Jean Jacques Henner.

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Selections from the Chester

By Katharine

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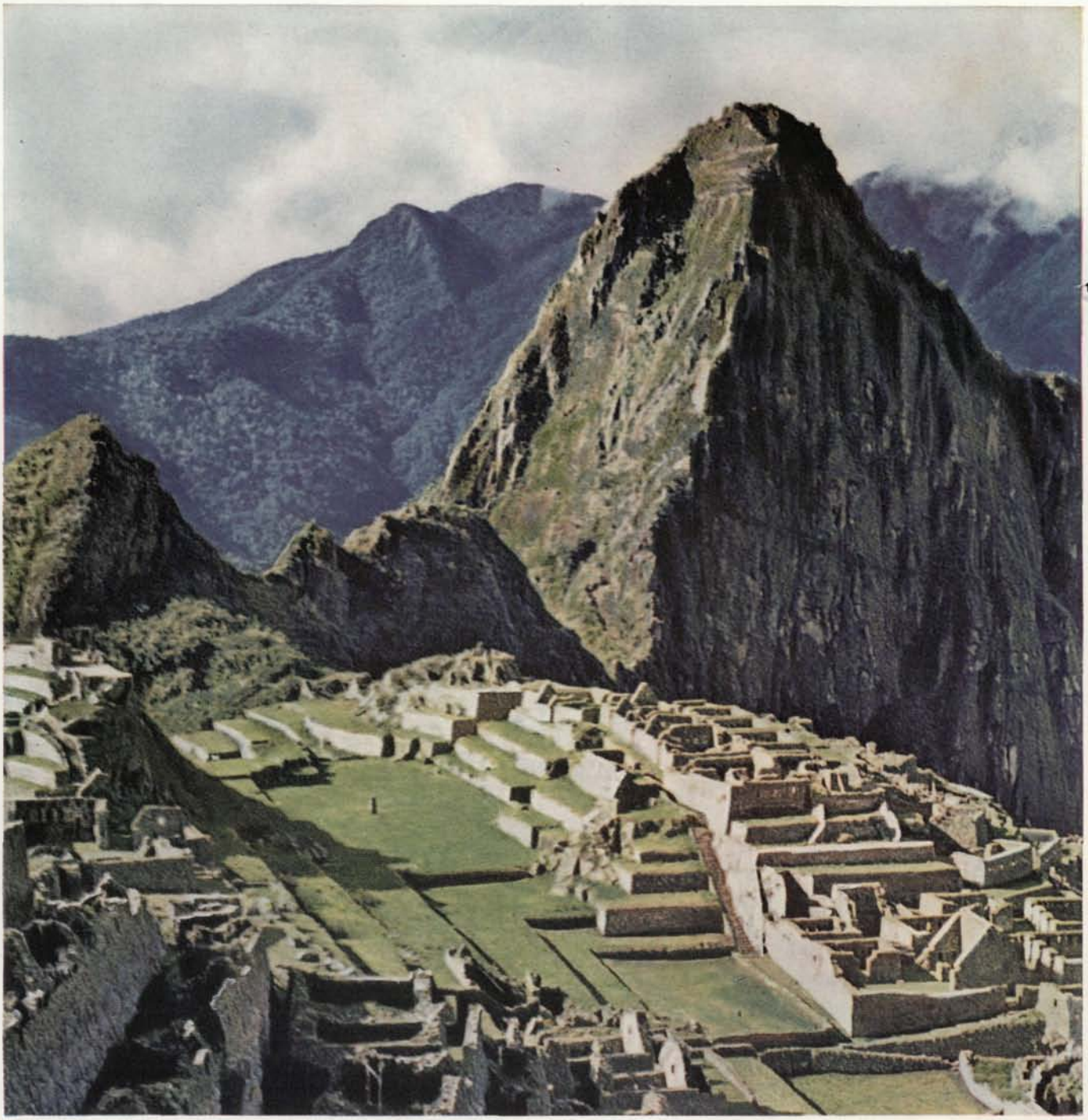

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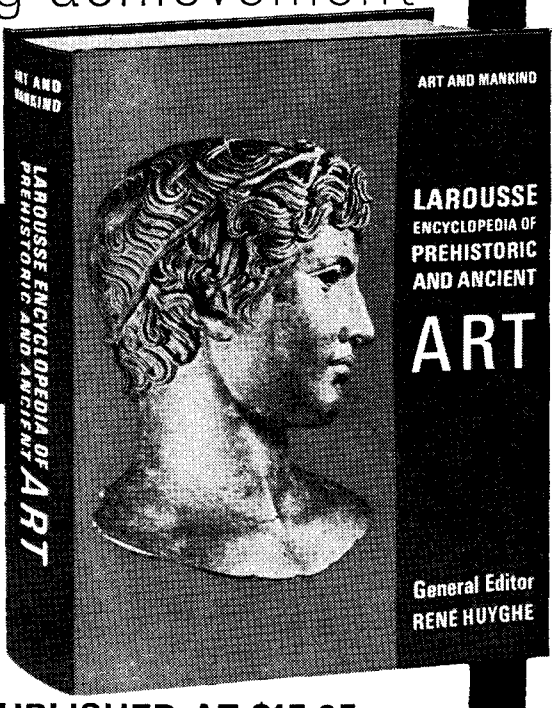

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Such a fellow is our Edward A. Johnston, Jr., a man who has sold Doubleday books longer than you can tell by looking at him. Ed recently became enamoured of a "juvenile," a book which everyone who has been exposed to his fire and fervor now agrees is a wonderful book for children—and for older ones, too, say thee and me.

The Wolves of Willoughby Chase, by Joan Aiken (interestingly, the daughter of Conrad) is an old-fashioned but brand new 19th century thriller, full of little girls, governesses, manor houses, and wicked wolves. Which scares us more? No matter; the story is full of fun and fear and entertainment.

I like the comment of one of Ed's customers, Lavinia Russ, buyer in the Children's Department of Scribner's Book Store: "The book is a Victorian charmer, a melodrama told with straight-faced wit. If there exists any girl, of any age, who is not enthralled by it, she should be fed to an IBM machine—where she belongs."

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December 14, 1963

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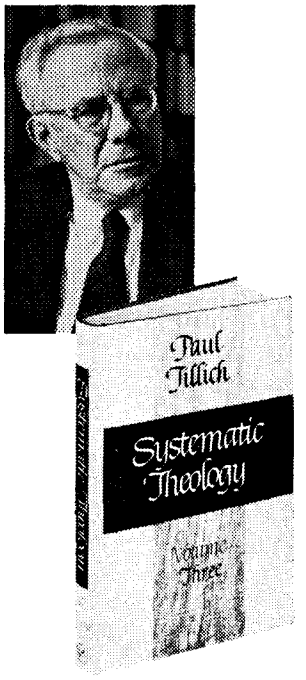

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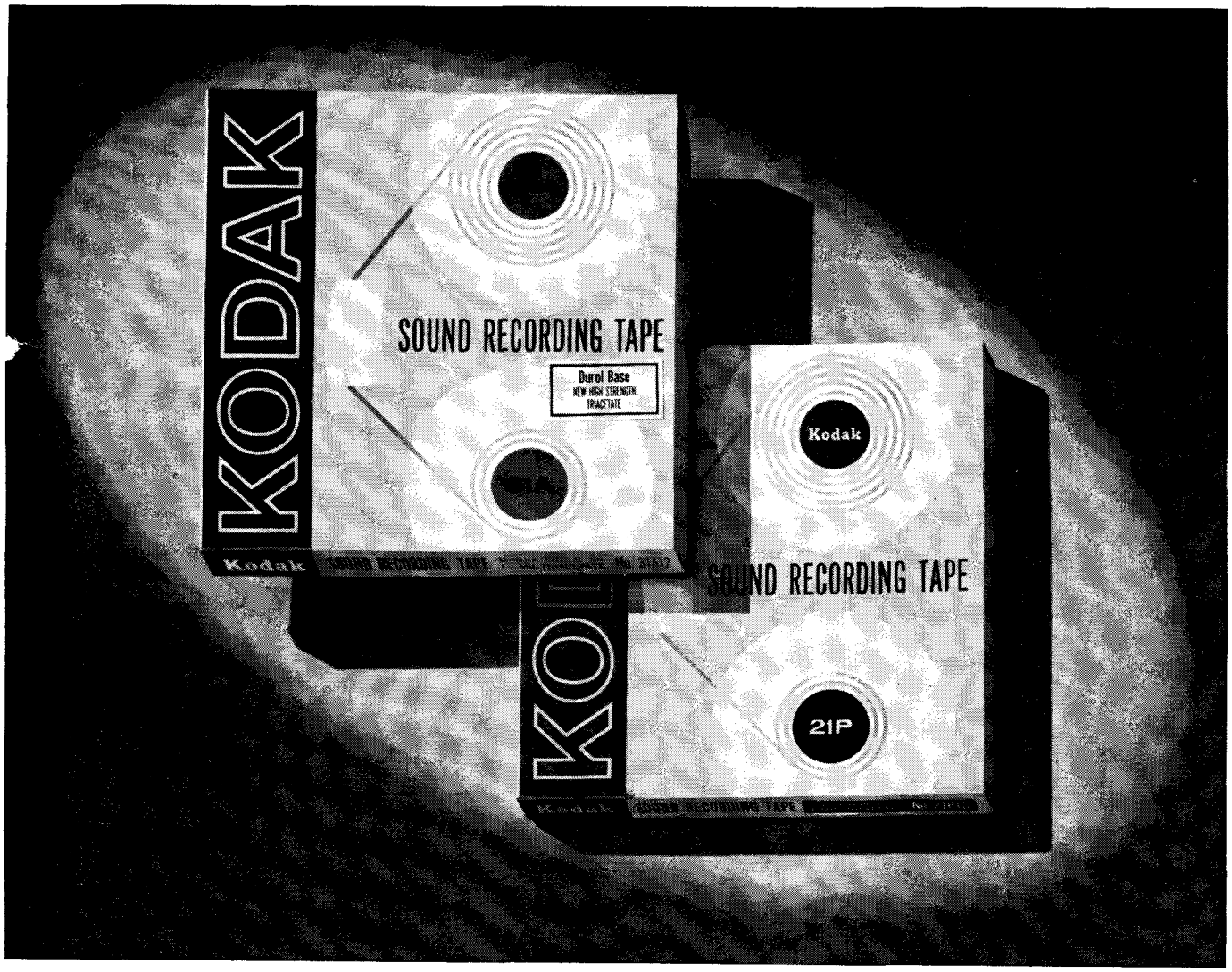

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Edited by Martin Levin

Remembering JFK

The President and the Arts

IT was characteristic of JFK that when he first discussed the possibility of my coming to the White House as a special consultant on the arts, he was cautious in stating the possibilities of bringing the arts and the government into a closer relationship. The role of government in this field would, he said, always be "marginal"; it seemed wise that my own work should be carried on "without fanfare." The caution was characteristic. No one was more fearful than the President of an empty gesture or a vague generalization. In the area of the arts in particular, it was easy to raise false hopes—and also false fears. To assume that the varied, unpredictable, and sometimes oddly expressed cultural life of our country could in any way be dependent on government, or be derived from government, was impossible for him. He was skeptical of any idea that government could do more than sometimes stir things up, and sometimes give recognition and support to what had strangely or wonderfully occurred.

Was JFK himself, I have sometimes been asked, really interested in the arts? In the sense of being a connoisseur in such fields as the opera, ballet, or painting he certainly was not. I believe he actually disliked music in many of its forms. But all that was not the point. What was important was that he perceived, deeply and consistently, that the state of the arts is related in a vital way to the state of the nation; that the artist himself—the writer, the painter, the composer, the performer in various fields—is a figure of incalculable worth among the millions of citizens who make up the free community.

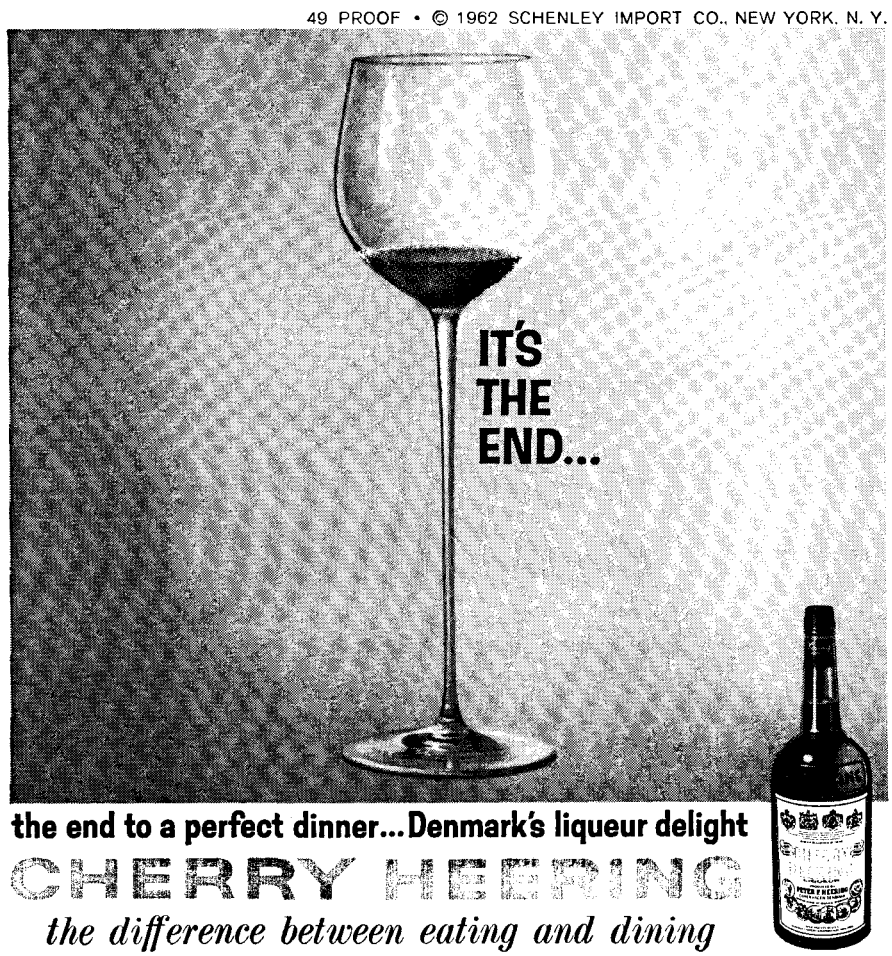
Something else was important to him, too. He cared for excellence, for discipline, for style. Woodrow Wilson once wrote of the mind "skilled and athletic in the acceptable exercise of power." Such a mind was certainly JFK's. He cared that the world immediately around him be in certain ways taut and elegant; those who in their respective fields achieved the same qualities won his sympathy.

My own contacts with the President were not very frequent. One quickly learns in the White House, even under a man as omnivorous in his interests as was JFK, that a large part of one's role is to keep things from burdening unnecessarily an already impossibly overburdened man. But the door was open when matters in some particular area had come to a head; then, if the day was not too busy, he would delay coming to the matter at hand while he let his mind roam over a wide horizon. It was as if he could remain himself only by stepping out of immediate preoccupations, dallying a bit, and taking a long view. But suddenly he would begin asking you questions about your concern.

Those questions were always a little terrifying. Arthur Schlesinger said to me that before going to see the President it was well to think of the answer to every possible question in your field—and then you could be sure that he would ask you something unforeseen. I was myself never very good at the kind of figures he liked to get. Especially under the fire of his rapid mind, I could never remember, for instance, whether the copyright laws in this country extended for twenty-eight years and are renewable, or fifty-six years and were nonrenewable, and how conditions are in Europe, etc.

When I was finishing my work last summer I brought my thirteen-year-old boy to see JFK, for what I thought was to be chiefly a formal, picture-taking farewell. The President was relaxed, and after settling some remaining details was ready to discuss almost everything with us—the Profumo affair, the race problem, even the Republican Party, to which he darkly and (as of present days) inaccurately suspected me of belonging. It pleased JFK that the son of the adviser on cultural policy should be setting off for baseball camp, while Pierre Salinger's son was bound for a music camp. Toward the end of the three-quarter-hour talk there was some business to be settled between JFK and my son—mostly as to whether it was better for him to have a specially autographed Parker pen, a PT boat tie clip, or both. "All this," as my son later confided to his diary, "the President attended to not by talking down to me, but with an air of businesslike equality."

One recalls these things, straws upon the great tides that moved around JFK, sprigs that one would lay to his memory along with the unfading wreaths. It is perhaps important to recall even these. For the style of the man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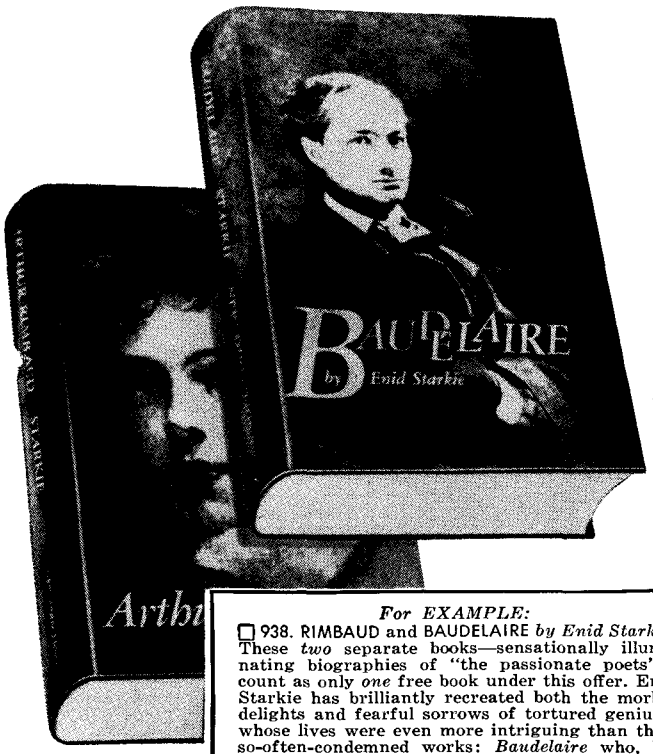

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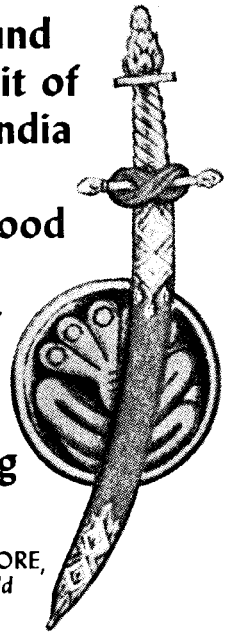

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was evident in all he did; and it was a style that marked him—let us be plain—as an "intellectual." His avidity for facts, his enjoyment of new ideas and wide perspectives, his care in the use of words, his respect for people outside the political sphere—all this we have seen. And we may not see it again in our lifetime. That is a sobering thought. Not only was this quality in a President wonderful while it lasted, part of the unforgettable brightness of these years; but it seems also to have been an absolutely essential quality, given the complexity and novelty of the world with which JFK was dealing.

There are people who will be shocked by the question, yet we must ask it amid our grief: Can any President who is not in some sense an intellectual rise in future days to the full measure of his task? —AUGUST HECKSCHER.

A Tribute

By Sanford B. Meech

A THANK offering to my sceptic
And prosperous grandfathers,
But especially to the paternal
As worth more, intellectually.

Restored to Eastern Connecticut
Like Dick Whittington to London,
Instead of thanking God
(Whom he knew word for word
From both Testaments),
He perused the infidels
He had marketed in his bookstore in St. Louis.

At fifty by marrying Martha,
Who at twenty could both love
And be practical,
He made it possible
For three generations of her descendants
To be as independent in their way
As he had been in his.
It has been superfluous for any of us
To test the adage
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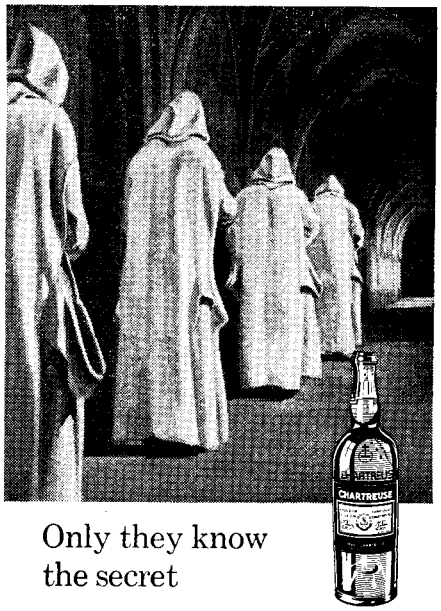
Off a bare flat rock.



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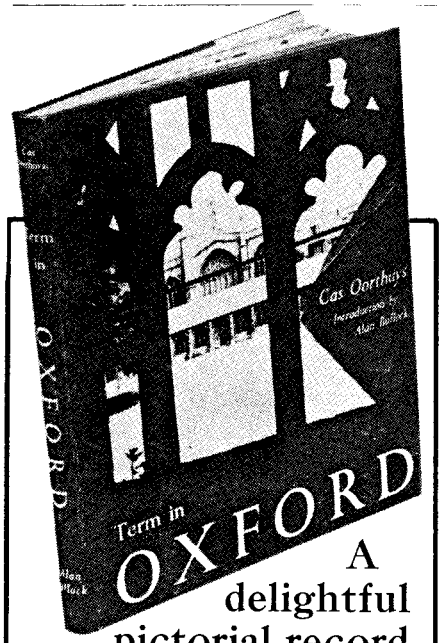

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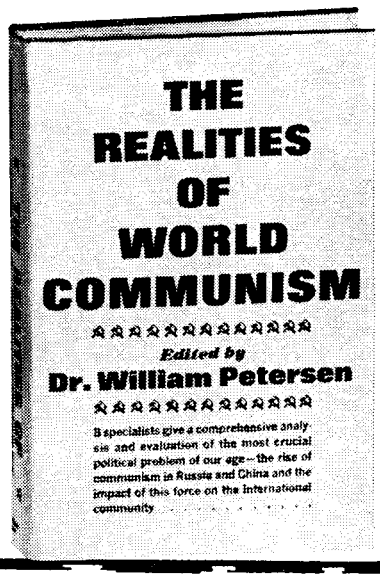
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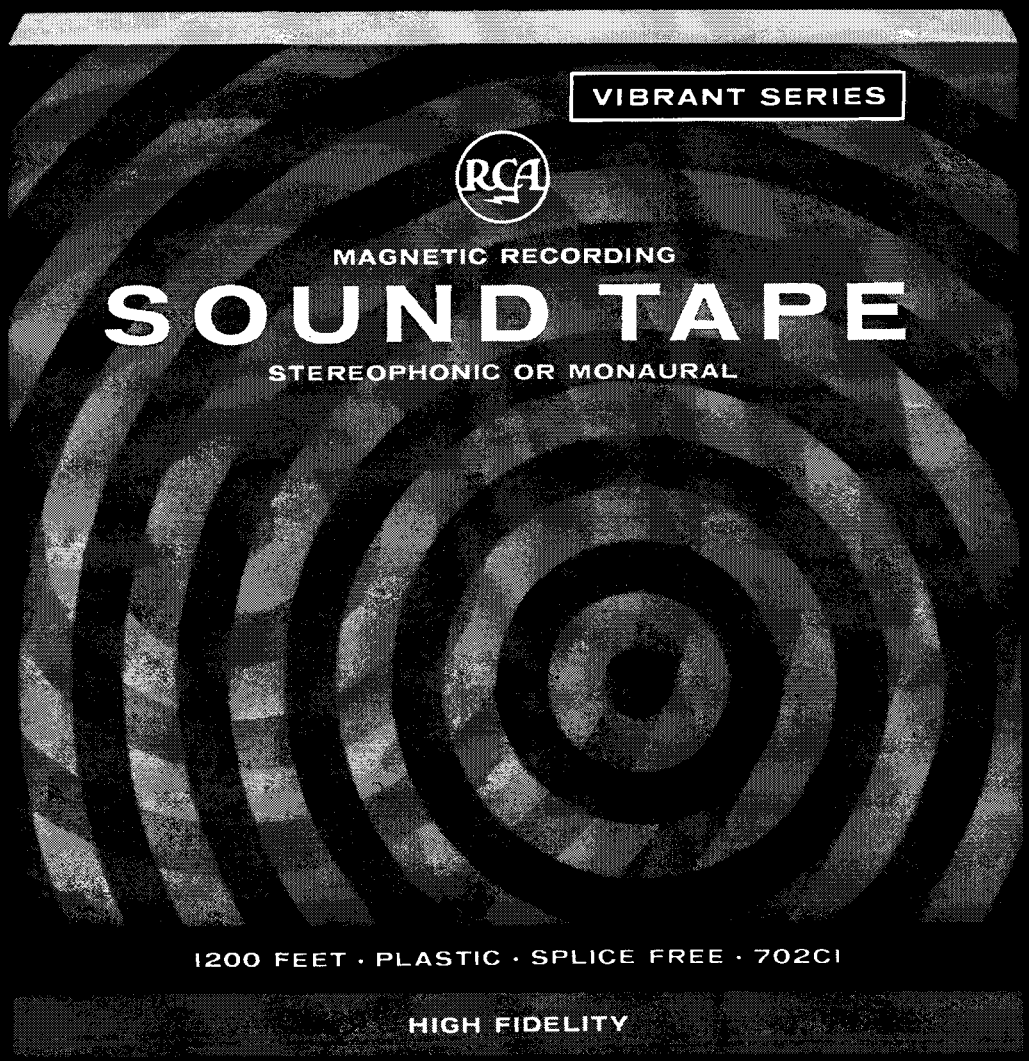

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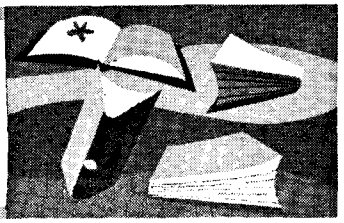

Some anonymous pundit once said that *all* business is show business. And it also might be accurate to say that no business is more like business than show business. The complexities and ramifications of the performing arts require even the most creative artists to perform like certified public accountants. One of the most refreshing and deeply personal insights into this commercial-artistic syndrome can be found in the new reminiscences about Shaw by the late Lawrence Langner, titled *G.B.S. and the Lunatic*.

Both Shaw and Langner were creative artists. But both were equally caught up in the tangled web of finances, recognizing that the lifeblood of theatre art flowed only through the money that came in to pay for it.

In his book, Mr. Langner reveals many more of Shaw's proclivities toward the accountant's art. Such statements as these abound in the book: "I never sell nor assign my copyrights. I deal solely in licenses. I am bound by written contracts only, not by alleged promises and so-called gentleman's agreements." Or: "I believe nothing but box office returns."

The old myth that the artist traditionally lives in an ivory tower has been constantly disproved through history. *G.B.S. and the Lunatic* charmingly punches another hole in the legend.

No greater creative artist-businessman ever existed in the American theatre than George Abbott. We dropped by to see him at his Rockefeller Center office recently, shortly before his new autobiography, *Mister Abbott*, appeared in the bookstalls.

Mr. Abbott—the person, not the book—has been around a long time. His next show, which he is directing, will be his 104th on Broadway. He has acted in fifteen; directed eighty-two; written seven; co-authored nineteen; self-produced *and* directed thirty. The times when he hasn't had a smash hit running on Broadway have been rare; he has two at the moment. He first appeared on Broadway some fifty years ago. He likes swimming, tennis, dancing, and golf.

"I found writing the book actually less demanding than writing a play," he told us. "Less discipline required. Every line doesn't have to be hammered out so carefully. But right after I finished the book, I suddenly panicked when I realized that it might be *read*."

Mr. Abbott showed little panic, however. He seemed to have more vigor and energy than people half his age. "I guess you could say I'm an impatient man," he said. "I like to get things done. I don't particularly *like* to produce plays, but I took on the job to get rid of other producers. Frankly, I'm not afraid of my own opinion. I like to make decisions, even if they're wrong. I'm not afraid to delegate. I remember when I worked for other people; I resented their interfering with the job I was doing. That's why I like to give people who are working for me a free hand."

Mr. Abbott began playing golf only recently. Now he can't keep away from it. "I'm down in the 90s now—hope to get into the 80s. And I've got one big advantage over the other old men who have been playing for a long time. They get worse, while I get better!"

We also chatted about Mr. Abbott with Jerome Weidman, whose new book of thoughts and opinion, *Back Talk*, has recently been published—his twenty-first book, to be exact.

Weidman recalls the time when the musical *Fiorello!*, which he co-authored with Mr. Abbott, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. "I had made a bet with another author," Jerry told us, "whom I felt would be sure to win it. I really had no doubt about it, even though the other author protested. I dropped up to see George Abbott at about 2 o'clock on the afternoon the prize was to be announced. The phone rang in the office, and the girl there told George that Columbia University was on the phone. Before George picked up the phone, it suddenly struck me that this could mean only one thing: *we* had won it. I almost hit the ceiling. George thought I was out of my mind. But sure enough—they told him that *Fiorello!* was the winner. George hung up and tried to calm me down. 'Look, Jerry,' he said, utilizing his own brand of therapy, 'it couldn't be more deserved.'"

Another master artist-businessman of the theatre is David Merrick, who has not yet won any ribbons as being the best-loved producer on Broadway. On the other hand, the moments when Mr. Merrick doesn't have three or four smash hits running concurrently are rare indeed.

He has recently been voted the Theatre's Best Dressed Man by the Fashion Foundation of America. When he was asked how he felt about winning the award, the abrasive Mr. Merrick replied: "I don't know how well-dressed I am, but judging from the outbursts of my detractors, I'd say I'm often well-dressed *down!*"

Dave Susskind is another talented combination of the artist's and accountant's mind. ("The Susskindest cut of all" was the way one TV writer described a script-trimming session with him).

Mr. Susskind is not without his critics, among them actor Tony Curtis. "He's proof that evolution is taking a backward step," Mr. Curtis commented recently. "First came Mankind; then came Susskind."

One of the most prolific critics of the theatre is rarely read by the general public. He is Hal Bone, the man who has probably reviewed more world premiere productions than any other critic in the country. As the New Haven critic for *Variety*, he has watched and reviewed the very first out-of-town tryout performances of such hits as *Voice of the Turtle, Streetcar, Tea and Sympathy, Pajama Game, South Pacific, Oklahoma!* and others. He averages about twenty-two premieres per season at New Haven's Shubert Theater.

For thirty-three years, his by-line "Bone" at the end of his *Variety* reviews has signaled the first indication about a Broadway-bound play to the professionals. He is so much in love with the theater that he once saw a total of fifty-eight plays in ten weeks. He never discusses a premiere with anyone, not even his wife, until the review is in print. He was once called by Oscar Hammerstein the most objective play-reviewer he knew.

His most gratifying experience: The time he championed *Oklahoma!* in the face of 100 per cent opposition after its New Haven opening. His most dismal: The time he wrote that *A Visit to a Small Planet* would pay a visit to a small audience.

The play ran a year.

—John G. Fuller.

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An open letter to Saturday Review readers from Roger Stevens

Stevens Productions, Inc. 745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

November 26, 1963

Dear Saturday Review Reader:

At lunch recently, Saturday Review's Publisher and I were discussing the terrible ordeal the average person faces in getting tickets to outstanding Broadway shows.

There is no point in going into all the difficulties that confront the ticket buyer ... or the reasons why. Nor can we expect to reform the theatre overnight. The fact remains that theatregoers cannot simply decide to see a particular show, and then go out to see it. There's generally an obstacle course to conquer first -- despite the fact that good seats are generally available.

As we spoke, it occurred to me that Saturday Review readers represented an unusually literate and discerning group of theatregoers ... a group that could quickly prove or disprove the validity of an idea I have had to provide choice seats for choice shows -- with no red tape, no increase in box-office prices.

My idea -- and I hope you will think well of it -- is to reserve a block of choice seats exclusively for Saturday Review readers at those shows with which I am affiliated: THE PRIVATE EAR and THE PUBLIC EYE, A CASE OF LIBEL and MARY, MARY.

I don't think I need to go into details about these plays. Each has been reviewed in these pages, discussed wherever theatregoers gather. However, I should like to point out that all three productions should be particularly enjoyable for Saturday Review readers because they respect your intelligence and good taste.

All you need do to get seats to any or all of my three current shows is fill out the House Seat Orders below and bring or mail them directly to the theatres. No standing in line. You are guaranteed choice seats at regular box-office prices.

This new plan is a challenge -- for me and Saturday Review theatregoers. If response is as good as I hope, both of us will benefit and I'll be coming back to you with opportunities to enjoy other leading attractions in the future.

Sincerely,

Roger L. Stevens

Roger Stevens

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Saturday Review
December 14, 1963

By R. Joseph Monsen, Jr.

Can Anyone Explain Capitalism?

**A short course in American money and markets—
and five current theories of what makes them work**

IF PEOPLE on the streets of Moscow and New York were stopped and asked to define capitalism (assuming that anyone on a New York street could be stopped), the Russians, I suspect, would have little trouble in answering such a question, the Americans a great deal. While the description of capitalism given by the Muscovites might sound like something out of Dickens, they would probably be quite unanimous and positive about it. The New Yorkers, however, would be uneasy about even the word "capitalism," and their definitions would be both varied and vague. Without drawing a moral from such an imaginary poll, it is quite clear that in the United States today there are a number of ideas about what this thing called capitalism really is.

Schools in this country are making increasing efforts to explain American capitalism and our economic system within the classrooms. In most plans to develop a program that will explain our economic system to students, however, two crucial factors are overlooked: the bias of those developing such material and the attitude of the teacher toward capitalism. These factors will necessarily color any explanation the student receives. It may be argued that this is true of all education. I would agree. But in the case of capitalism the problem is considerably more involved and controversial than in most. For even if capitalism is defined quite neutrally as a system in which private ownership operates in a market environment for profit-making, the critical role of government remains to be interpreted. Yet in the United States today no issue is more hotly debated than the extent to which government should participate in economic affairs. There is little doubt that the role of government as perceived by J. K. Galbraith or by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., is considerably larger than that accepted by Barry Goldwater, William Buckley, or the National Association of Manufacturers.

This difference of opinion concerning the role of government brings us to the central point of this article: that in the United States today at least five major versions of capitalism can be found. The role of government in these versions is a major characteristic.

These separate versions of capitalism may, in fact, be considered as separate ideologies—ideologies because they present explanations or rationalizations that are used by groups to justify their own positions. Economic ideologies, like religious dogmas, have their "true believers" as well as those adherents who espouse them for more practical ends.

To understand our economy today one must have some idea of what our major ideologies about capitalism are and who espouses them. Congressional debates and public argument in the press on major issues become much easier to follow once the positions of various groups are linked to their ideologies. We frequently hear that we have no economic ideology in this country, or that we have finally reached, as Daniel Bell entitled his book, *The End of Ideology*. Nothing could be further from the truth. Even though Marxian and collectivist ideologies are not significant in the mainstream of American thought today, to argue that we have no other economic ideologies is extremely naïve.

The Classical Ideology: Of the ideologies of American capitalism prominently in print today, the oldest is what has been called the classical ideology of capitalism. It is disseminated in the United States largely by the National Association of Manufacturers, the Foundation for Economic Education, the Committee for Constitutional Government, the United States Chamber of Commerce, and the American Enterprise Association, to name only some of the better-known organizations. While at times these groups may vary, through their many publications they present the major interpretation of this most traditional version of the American capitalist ideology. The importance of this ideology in business circles is indicated by a report estimating that out of more than $32,000,000 spent by corporations to influence legislation, some $27,000,000 was in the form of donations for use by the organizations disseminating the classical ideology.

The essence of the classical ideology is its concept of individually owned private property in a decentralized market operated by the forces of supply and demand in the quest for profit. The official stand of the NAM concerning the role of government in the economy is that the solutions to the basic economic problems of what, how, for whom, and at what price goods should be produced must be left to the voluntary adjustments of a free market rather than to the central authority of government. While this view does not demand that there be *no* government regulation, it does argue that because of the

The author is associate professor of business administration at the University of Washington. He is the author of *Modern American Capitalism: Ideologies and Issues*, recently published by Houghton Mifflin.

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effectiveness of competition as a regulatory device, government intervention and regulation of the market are seldom needed. The classical ideology maintains, then, that there is no need for government countercyclical spending. Deficit spending is not only unnecessary but, according to the classical ideology, "irresponsible" on the grounds that it produces inflation, raises the specter of national bankruptcy, and may create recessions by interfering with the natural, competitive market.

This ideology, opposed to deficit spending, is reinforced in the public mind by the analogy between private and public finance; just as individuals risk bankruptcy by deficit spending, so, it is argued, does government. Such ideological statements carry highly emotional and moral overtones. America's traditional Puritan ethic stresses economic independence, thrift, and freedom from debt, all of which buttress the charge that the government is acting "irresponsibly," "profligately," "immorally," if it utilizes deficit spending—no matter what the conditions of the economy. When the classical capitalist ideology applies the Puritan ethic of personal finance to government financial policy in this way, it is apparent that the central idea of deficit spending and Keynesian economics is in direct conflict with it.

The anachronism involved in the classical ideology (as espoused by both Barry Goldwater and Harry S. Byrd) is that for more than a decade both Republican and Democratic Administrations have followed the Keynesian idea of using deficit spending to bolster the economy in times of recessions and unemployment. The further notion that deficit spending should also take place in periods of prosperity is a recent elaboration of Keynes's original theory. Deficit spending in non-recessionary periods is justified today largely as a means of stimulating greater economic growth.

The Managerial Ideology: If the classical ideology had been more flexible in accepting a somewhat greater economic role for government, as well as in allowing the use of deficit spending under certain circumstances, its main rival as a business creed, known increasingly as the managerial ideology, would probably never have developed. The managerial ideology had its birth with the formation of the Committee for Economic Development in 1942. Since that time, this ideology has been vigorously disseminated by the CED and such business magazines as *Fortune*.

Politically the managerial ideology received its greatest patronage during the Eisenhower Administration. For there was, as *Business Week* observed, "a marked similarity between the CED and the new Administration [Eisenhower's] that involved more than the names of men. Both represent the views of a forward-looking businessman, a sort of progressive conservative."

The managerial ideology of capitalism takes its name from the increasing control by professional management of the large corporation. While the managerial ideology is a reaction to the traditional classical creed, there are great similarities between them. The issues in which similarities occur, however, are usually those about which the managerial ideology is silent. The managerial ideology points largely to the basic changes that have occurred within the economy in the past few decades. It attempts to portray the manager of the large corporation as a trustee for the worker, consumer, and owner.

The dispute over the proper function of government not only partially caused the development of the managerial ideology but indeed remains one of the principle differences between it and the classical ideology. The managerialists accept a considerably greater role for government than the traditionalists will approve. The CED has taken the position that government action is essential in attempting to control business fluctuations—even if such a policy includes deficit spending (though here the managerialists talk in terms of balancing the budget over the whole business cycle and not necessarily in every year, as the NAM requires). The editors of *Fortune* expressed the managerial position by saying: "It is now almost universally accepted that . . . in the event of a serious depression government . . . undertakes very large countercyclical spending programs."

The managerial ideology's acceptance of a larger role for government is considerably more realistic today than the classical ideology's on this issue. In this regard, the classical ideology is less descriptive and more normative than the managerial creed, for it must argue that it represents the way things "ought" to be, not necessarily the way they are. The managerial ideology deemphasizes the traditional forces of supply and demand as the determinants of prices and accepts a governmental role deeply involved in business affairs, attempting to face what it feels are the realities of modern capitalism. To a large degree, the managerial ideology of capitalism is successful in that it provides arguments in currently accepted terms.

The Ideology of Countervailing Power. Since its election in 1960 the Kennedy Administration has on a number of occasions used a sort of semi-offi-

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cial ideology attributed to the well-known Harvard economist and former Ambassador to India, John Kenneth Galbraith. With the publication in 1952 of his book, *American Capitalism: The Concept of Countervailing Power,* Professor Galbraith set forth the main themes of this ideology. Since then, we have seen the term "countervailing power" spread until today it is hard to find any discussion about American capitalism that does not make some reference to it. In fact, Galbraith is now probably the most widely known economist in this country. While countervailing power cannot be considered as full-blown an ideology as the classical ideology, it has nonetheless become one of the most popular explanations of modern American capitalism.

What is the concept of countervailing power upon which this ideology is based? Most succinctly, it is "the neutralization of one position of power by another." For Galbraith argues that "private economic power begets the countervailing power of those who are subject to it." The development of strong unions, then, in this argument, was inevitable in America to neutralize or balance the power of large companies. While this may not be historically correct, the thesis is that as one group develops in power, others arise to offset its power and prevent their own exploitation. By this reasoning, the strongest unions should develop in those industries where the strongest corporations exist.

The role of government in this interpretation is to assist the development of checks and balances of power. Thus, under this view, the concept of competition as the autonomous regulator of economic activity has been superseded. The potential role of government is, therefore, perhaps greater under the ideology of countervailing power than in any of the other major ideologies of modern American capitalism. In this sense, it may be expected to gain more supporters from among politically liberal citizens than from among conservatives, who are more apt to endorse the classical ideology.

While the countervailing power thesis as an economic theory has been subject to much criticism, as an ideological explanation of modern American capitalism it has become internationally known and suggests the basic flavor of modern American capitalism abroad perhaps more than any other capitalist ideology. Whether countervailing power as an ideology will develop independently or will merely be appended to one of the others, only time will tell. The concept of countervailing power appears, in the last analysis, to be far more adaptable as an ideology for the defense of American capitalism than as an economic theory to explain it; this feature, I might add, it shares with the other major ideologies of capitalism.

"I think I'd rather look at tractors and women harvesting corn."

The Ideology of People's Capitalism: The label "people's capitalism" has become increasingly fashionable as a title for the contemporary American economic system. The United States Information Agency, which at one time made use of the slogan, admitted quite frankly that "this type of terminology is designed as an eye-catcher, as a thought-provoker. The aim is to suggest at the outset that the American system is a far cry from nineteenth-century stereotypes of capitalism."

The central focus of the ideology of people's capitalism is the widening of both equity ownership and decision-making power among the populace. To its supporters, people's capitalism in America today is distinguished more by its emphasis on this system of property diffusion than by its present structure.

The origin of the term "people's capitalism" is alleged to have been developed in 1956 by the American Advertising Council for the USIA, which used the concept abroad. General Electric and Standard Oil of New Jersey have used the phrase in their ads in this country. Business economists such as Marcus Nadler and corporation executives such as Roger Blough of U.S. Steel have publicly used the term often. As Victor Perlo noted in the scholarly *American Economic Review,* "Future editions of economic texts can hardly fail to discuss the theory—or slogan—of people's capitalism."

The New York Stock Exchange's president, Keith Funston, has vigorously promoted the thesis that America is becoming a people's capitalism. In an issue of IBM's magazine *Think,* Mr. Funston says, "*If stock distribution gets wide enough, it will bring capitalism to the ultimate goals of socialism* [author's italics], the people owning the instruments of production, but without sacrificing the incentive system of capitalism. I'm not predicting this will happen in a specific period of time, but we are heading along the lines of a people's capitalism and a stronger democracy." While the short-range goal of greater stock or equity distribution is quite understandable as an aim of the New York Stock Exchange, one wonders whether its members would really desire the long-range achievement of "the ultimate goals of socialism."

Such an atmosphere of conviction and debate in statements about people's capitalism is common. Similarly, contradiction among its various expositors is not unusual. It is possible to find advocates of people's capitalism who infer that the role of government should be broad and active to insure a rapid widening in equity ownership within the country; and those, too, who feel that government should not play anything but a limited role within the economy. Besides lack of consensus on the role of government, problems involved in the responsibility of professional management are not solved by the ideology.

The most important challenge to the

(*Continued on page* 26)

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QUOTABLE NOTABLES

One of the highlights of the current publishing season is "Celebrity Register," an irreverent reference work edited by Cleveland Amory and published by Harper & Row. The 667-page book includes biographies of celebrities in every phase of American life. Herewith, SR presents excerpts from thirteen of them.

Baldwin, James

"NEGROES WANT to be treated like men. People who have mastered Kant, Hegel, Shakespeare, Marx, and Freud find this statement utterly impenetrable," he has written somberly. "A kind of panic paralyzes their features, as though they found themselves on the edge of a steep place. . . . Negroes want to be treated like men." Yet this occasional expatriate, who has twice exiled himself to Paris to escape the American peril of being considered "either merely a Negro or merely a Negro writer," admits that some of his bitterness toward his native land has abated. "I guess I've learned to live with it," he smiles. "Now I get the doormen to follow *me*. . . . I met a lot of people in Europe. I even encountered myself."

Brooks, Gwendolyn

WINNER OF the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1949 (for *Annie Allen*), she learned of the award by phone in total darkness, because her electric bill hadn't been paid. Born June 7, 1917, in Topeka, Kansas, she moved to Chicago at the age of one month, began sending poems to magazines at eleven, and received her first acceptance at thirteen. Married to Henry Blakely (two children) and although hailed for her work's universality rather than its raciality, she once poignantly described a Negro mother's attempt to explain to her little girl why a department store Santa Claus would not shake her hand. "Many Negroes," she says, "have ample grounds for being miserable."

Caldwell, Erskine

HOW YOU gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Red Square? So wondered one of the USSR's best-selling American authors after his 1959 trip to Moscow. But not for long. Having discovered that you can't take it with you, he ignored 20,000 rubles (about $2,000) in royalties, blandishments to live like a capitalist at a Black Sea villa, and all the borscht and vodka he could swallow. Then, so dear to his heart are the obscenes of his childhood that he left the wad with his Moscow publishers and headed back to the U.S., where no such cache-as-cache-can arrangements keep him from being the leader of the banned.

Caldwell, Taylor

THE BEST-SELLING novel *Dynasty of Death* (1938) was thought by some critics to be the work of a shrewd businessman, or at least they thought that the author's name was a pseudonym of a well-known male writer. Actually, the author was Janet Taylor Caldwell. She was born September 7, 1900, in Manchester, England, of Scottish parents ("Family *alleged* to go back to Mary, Queen of Scots, but think this pure egotism"). In America since the age of seven, at nine began writing extensively (about ten huge books a year), her first novel telling of a lurid seduction in Nero's time. ("Father frequently disappeared furnaceward with armfuls, for I lost interest in the books when they were done.")

Callas, Maria

IS CALLAS callous? According to practically all pleading opera-house managers in virtually every country in the Western world, the answer is a frenzied yes—and according to her own allegedly abandoned autobiographic mother (who took time off from her chores in a dress shop to write a book) the answer is that her "genius is tinged with madness." But according to Miss Callas herself, the question was, like so many other things in her on-and-off operatic career, neither here nor there. "You either have the voice or you don't," she once observed. "And if you have the voice, you start singing leads right away."

Capote, Truman

QUICK ON the drawl, this "boy wonder" Southerner has, ever since his first chaise-longingly-looking book jacket, parlayed a gift for publicity with admitted literary talents into a highly social and intellectual career. In the International Set, among hostesses looking for bachelors, from "Babe" Paley to "Babs" Hutton, Mr. Capote (rhymes with Quixote) has long ranked as the dean of the extra men. "I am," he himself says, "an absolute social smash!" Born in New Orleans on September 30, 1924, he recalls having "the most insecure childhood I know of. It was really ghastly." As a riverboat tap dancer and "prize protégé" of a fortuneteller, he gave no inkling of a pen-sive career until one of his early short stories won the O. Henry Award in 1946.

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Dos Passos, John

"HE LOOKED like an Olympian," said a 1960s visitor to the ex-extremist *enfant terrible* of American literature, "but he talked like a Rotarian." To this visitor, at least, the author of such despair-filled pre-Hoover damns as *U.S.A.* and *Manhattan Transfer* had not only swung to the far write (his 1962 novel, *Midcentury*, was a study of corruption in labor union ranks and files), but the once-lofty leftist had become, as well, something of a literary leftover. "Dos Passos's annual comeback," was the way one scoffer greeted *Midcentury*, but other critics disagreed. "He is still the seeker who refuses to make peace," an appreciator said. "And he does not compromise. But he left the best of his literary self behind."

For all his pastiched style, John Roderigo Dos Passos is a graduate of Choate and Harvard and a Virginia gentleman. But he once wrote wistfully: "I've always wanted to divest myself of my class and monied background. What are we fit for when they turn us out of Harvard, anyway? We're too intelligent to be successful businessmen and we haven't the energy to be anything else."

Durant, Will

THE AUTHOR of the 3,500,000-word, seven-volume (so far) *Story of Civilization* was born in North Adams, Massachusetts, on November 5, 1885. He studied for the priesthood ("until," he says simply, "I lost my faith") and also tried reporting ("too exciting for my temperament"). In 1911, "I suddenly discovered Spinoza—he made me feel I should be intellectually honest," and he moved "from the seminary to the radical circles of New York." In 1914 he began, in a church, lecturing (for $3) on the history of philosophy (*The Story of Philosophy*, 1926). His audiences, he says, "were mostly workingmen and women who demanded complete clarity." "The probability of error," he wrote in his first preface, "increases with the scope of the undertaking, and any man who sells his soul to synthesis will be a tragic target for myriad merry darts of specialist critique."

McGinley, Phyllis

Oh, princes thrive on caviar,
the poor on whey and curds,
And politicians, I infer,
must eat their windy words.
It's crusts that feed the virtuous,
it's cake that comforts sinners,
But writers live on bread and praise
at Literary Dinners.

THIS PARTICULAR "poetess-bon-mot-etess" ("Wyatt Earp/Rides tall in the stearp") also lives very nicely on a Pulitzer Prize for poetry (*Times Three*, 1961), marking the first time this award went to a light verse writer. "I think it's marvelous that they've acknowledged that I'm a poet," she said, "and I do think this good for the cause of poetry." Wrote Ogden Nash, "A toast to Phyllis I'll now imbibe/In my favorite imbibery;/Light verse has been officially moved/From the game room to the libery."

Nevins, Allan

AN ASSEMBLY-lion historian (former Columbia professor), he teems not only with books (he has written, edited, and produced over twenty-five), but also with a wide variety of rather curious jobs, which in one year alone (1961) took him from being President Kennedy's personal representative to the centennial commemoration of the Philippines to being named head of the highly controversial Civil War Centennial Commission (the latter, despite his protests that "We shall allow the just pride of no national group to be belittled or besmirched," somehow managed nonetheless to end up with *Life* magazine selling Civil War games).

O'Connor, Edwin

POUND FOR pound, at his best writing weight, he is probably the country's finest fiction writer alive —indeed, a comparison with the highly publicized John O'Hara is hardly even possible. "O'Connor," a critic has said, "can make a tea party not only more interesting but, more amazingly, more exciting than O'Hara can make a rape scene." And, when in 1962 O'Connor was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for *The Edge of Sadness*, there were few writers not pleased. Modest in person, he not only writes but fights shy of the limelight, says only, "A book takes a long time to incubate in me. As the story evolves, the characters tend to take matters into their own hands."

O'Hara, John

THE OFTTIMES scarlet O'Hara ("By now there is one theorem underlying all his books," wrote one reviewer wearily. "Boredom breeds bedroom and vice versa"), he has fought his not-so-civil wars with not-so-gentlemanly aplomb. "It's quite sad," a friend remarks. "Here is a man with this God-given talent and the guts to use it and the very people he looks up to are not fit to shine his shoes. I think he would still like to have his talent, but be born Jock Whitney." But says O'Hara himself, "I am on a first-name basis with two authentic Vanderbilts, two genuine Whitneys, and one Astor."

Schlesinger, Arthur, Jr.

INSTANT HISTORIAN and man in perpetual commotion, always in the swim (he was against the Bay of Pigs but pro Robert Kennedy's swimming pool) and often in the soup (he has been criticized for working for the government by day and moonwriting by night), he has been alternately damned (Walter Winchell called him "guilty of indecent exposure") and praised (said old New Dealer Thomas Corcoran: "Every Administration has its human sacrifice. I was it for Roosevelt. You're it now").

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Moral Decay and Renewal

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following guest editorial, John W. Gardner, is president of the Carnegie Corporation of New York. Mr. Gardner's new book, "Self-Renewal," will be published next month by Harper & Row.*

JACQUES BARZUN tells of the little old lady who complained that "the modern thunderstorm no longer clears the air." It is an attitude of mind that is not confined to little old ladies, or to meteorological subjects. Listen to these melancholy lines:

To whom can I speak today?
The gentle man has perished
The violent man has access to everybody.

To whom can I speak today?
The inquity that smites the land
It has no end.

To whom can I speak today?
There are no righteous men
The earth is surrendered to criminals.

The writer's abhorrence of the present, and his nostalgia for an older, gentler, more righteous time strikes us as very modern. But the poem was not written by a sensitive soul reacting in deep shock to contemporary events. It was written by a man contemplating suicide some 4,000 years ago in the time of Egypt's Middle Kingdom.

It is an abiding characteristic of man to believe that the old virtues are disappearing, the old values disintegrating, the old, good, stern ways no longer honored. Many people today seem to think that our values, our morality as a people, our devotion to virtue and justice resemble a reservoir that was filled long ago (vaguely, about the time of our grandfathers) and has been seeping away ever since. But our grandfathers thought that the reservoir had been filled by *their* grandfathers and had seeped away ever since. And their grandfathers thought the same. Why isn't the reservoir empty?

The answer is that the moral order undergoes regeneration as well as decay. Joseph Campbell has written: "Only birth can conquer death. . . . Within the soul, within the body social, there must be—if we are to experience long survival—a continuous 'recurrence of birth' to nullify the unremitting recurrence of death."

Nowhere is this more true than in the realm of values. Men are always corrupting the old symbols, drifting away from the old truths. Give us a clean, clear, fresh idea or ideal, and we can promise within one generation to render it positively moldy. We smother our values in ritual and encrust them with social observances that rapidly become meaningless. But while some are losing their faith, others are achieving new spiritual insights; while some are growing slack and hypocritical in the moral dimension of their lives, others are bringing a new meaning and vitality to moral striving.

Everyone does not play an equally important role in the re-creation and reshaping of values. But a far greater proportion of the populace has some share in the process than one might think. The Swiss philosopher Amiel said: "Every life is a profession of faith, and exercises an inevitable and silent propaganda. As far as lies in its power, it tends to transform the universe and humanity into its own image. [Every man's] conduct is an unspoken sermon that is forever preaching to others."

Young people do not assimilate the values of their group by learning words (*truth, justice,* etc.) and their definitions. They learn attitudes, habits, and ways of judging. They learn these in intensely personal transactions with their immediate family or associates. They learn them in the routines and crises of living, but they also learn them through songs, stories, drama, and games. They do not learn ethical principles; they emulate ethical (or unethical) people. They do not analyze or list the attributes they wish to develop; they identify with people who seem to them to have these attributes. That is why young people need models, both in their imaginative life and in their environment, models of what man at his best can be.

There is a saying popular among intellectuals today that a society utterly secure in its beliefs never talks about them, and that a society that constantly reiterates its beliefs is losing its conviction. Perhaps this was true in stable and relatively homogeneous premodern societies. It has not been true for any modern society. The modern society necessarily talks about its beliefs, argues about them, dramatizes them.

HELPING each generation to rediscover the meaning of liberty, justice—"the words on the monuments"—is a perennial task for any society. Each generation is presented with victories that it did not win for itself. A generation that has fought for freedom may pass that freedom on to the next generation. But it cannot pass on the intense personal knowledge of what it takes in courage and endurance to win freedom.

In some cases, young people find that the moral precepts their parents have to offer are no longer relevant in a rapidly changing world. And they often find that, in moral matters, the precepts their parents utter are contradicted by the behavior their parents exhibit. This is confusing, but not catastrophic. Those writers who imagine that it destroys all possibility of youthful moral striving are wrong. The first task of renewal in the moral sphere is *always* the difficult confrontation of ideal and reality, precept and practice; and young people are very well fitted to accomplish that confrontation. Their freshness of vision and rebelliousness of mood make them

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Conservation and Confusion

THE SUPERB PREVIEW and review of Secretary of the Interior Udall's book *The Quiet Crisis* [*SR*, Nov. 23] remind us that unwise exploitation may now be giving us a high standard of living and a low standard of life simultaneously.

Of all public interests, those oddly assorted, often contradictory ones lumped under the term "conservation" seem the most confused in the public mind. The failure of government and society to cope adequately with recent vital environmental issues seems due to a piecemeal, brushfire approach rather than to absence of technical knowledge. In our awe of white-coated laboratory scientists, we too easily overlook the broad, synthesizing insights that ecological science has provided into relationships among resources, ourselves, and plant and animal life. The public and our politicians have accepted an ineffective, because incomplete, policy of "flood control" based on engineering works without the essential over-all planning required to make such works effective.

ALTON A. LINDSEY.

West Lafayette, Ind.

War by Miscalculation?

IN THE ARTICLE "The Politics of Destruction" [*SR*, Nov. 9], the case for the "fail-safe" theory of accidental war is clearly stated. I would like, however, to call attention to a recent book, Sidney Hook's *The Fail-Safe Fallacy*, which convincingly refutes the major premise of war by "mechanical failure."

The premise of war by miscalculation is based on the idea that our reaction to a supposed threat is instantaneous. It is not. Quick reaction is essential, but not before weighing the alternatives. The military men at the controls are not a group of hot-blooded, trigger-happy idiots. The possibility of war by accident, as described in the article, is nearly nonexistent. . . .

FREDERICK K. MARLOW.

Bethesda, Md.

Blushes from an Old Grad

AS A "SON," now father and grandfather, early taught in the halls now trod by Principal Martin O'Connell and his signing subordinates, [*SR*, Oct. 26], I blush at his parochial approach in criticism of the poem "High School in Buffalo," by David Posner, but am more disturbed at his threat of boycott and his request for assurance of *SR*'s future editorial trend.

Stifling the temptation to cry "Touché!" and expand upon it in analysis of Mr. O'Connell's reaction, one may point out that the original decision to subscribe to *SR* for a high school library was correct, if only for the reason that the reader may be moved to thought and disagreement.

John Ciardi's comments in the same issue provide a prior rebuttal to your high school critics: "In my private mythology, in fact, she is the nymph Inflexa, the patroness of Rigor Mortis, whose special ritual is the Absolute Category. The gift of her mind is to be forever immune to the arts."

SR is a journal of serious maturity in literary criticism, with a broad approach in diverse fields beyond occasional presentations of verse. One wonders what a high school library could substitute.

LOTHROP MARR WILLIS.

Boston, N.Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I wouldn't worry about Sigmund's dreams, Mrs. Freud—they're not uncommon."

THERE ARE STILL TOO many literalists among us. It is the spirit in which the poem "High School in Buffalo" was written that is pertinent to the discussion raised by Martin O'Connell.

The composing of music, or the writing of a poem, or the painting of a picture are all matters of creative fulfillment, not statistics about a certain school in a certain place at a certain time in history. . . .

Thanks to John Ciardi for all he has written, and for his integrity as poetry editor of *SR*.

G. B. FARWELL.

New York, N.Y.

No Comment

THIS IS TO THANK N.C. on behalf of a multitude who revere Mr. Hoover, for the editorial "A Toast to Mr. Hoover" [*SR*, Nov. 9]. It is a tribute as eloquent as it is deserved.

Surely, as N.C. has pointed out in the moving incident he relates, there is a surviving memory of what Mr. Hoover accomplished when he directed American benevolence to the relief of the famine-stricken millions in Russia in 1920, 1921, and 1922. But I would sadly observe that the memory is only a latent one and that the present Russian government disregards and discourages it. To the extent that history is subjected to Orwellian revision in Russia, it would be surprising if the record of American generosity survives the generation which saw it extended.

On January 19, 1959, Mr. Anastas Mikoyan called on me at the Department of Commerce to inquire as to the possibility of credits for his government. We sat facing a large portrait of Mr. Hoover, which, in those days, hung in the office of the Secretary. To open the conversation on what I hoped would be an agreeable note, I directed his attention to it and remarked that I had served with Mr. Hoover during his relief operations and that I thought the American people, now as then, had nothing but friendly sentiments toward the people of Russia. This was translated by the interpreter. Mr. Mikoyan brushed it aside without comment to launch into a condemnation of his treatment at a lunch at the National Press Club from which he had just come. He left me with the impression that, as far as he was concerned, the American Relief Administration in Russia had never existed.

LEWIS L. STRAUSS.

Washington, D.C.

Patterns of Talent

IT IS INTERESTING to note how many critics and reviewers of Vincent Sheean's *Dorothy and Red* [*SR*, Nov. 16] take the position that from a literary point of view the marriage proved fatal to both. While it is a fact that Sinclair Lewis's creative talent (with the possible exception of *It Can't Happen Here*) started on its descending curve soon after the marriage, it is equally true that Miss Thompson grew steadily in stature, and her peak was reached during their years of separation and eventual divorce.

DALE WARREN.

Boston, Mass.

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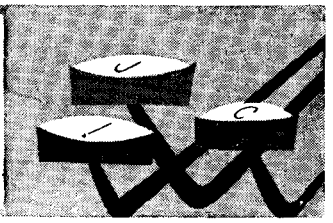
Manner of Speaking



Benn's Column: My son Benn has a birthday in December (on Christmas Day, in fact) and he thinks it would be a good idea if I wrote a column for him for his birthday, and I certainly think so, though I can't make it come out *exactly* on his birthday, but he agrees that any time in December would be close enough. So we talked it over and both of us decided the column should be mostly poems, and when I asked him whether I should try to make the poems as true as possible or as make-believe as possible, he decided he wanted them as true as possible, and I said I would try, and this is what I came up with first:

BENN

There once was a Something—a
boy, I guess.
At least he didn't wear a dress.
And I guess he was people. He
seemed to be.
Not always. But sometimes. Some-
times he
Was more like a bobcat—snarling
mad.
And sometimes a small imp—howl-
ing bad!
And sometimes a great ape shaking
a tree.
And sometimes as sweet as a bird
can be
Singing the whole air full of joy.
There are *so* many ways to be a
boy.
If he *was* a boy. And he was, I
guess.
Most of the people who don't wear
a dress
Are boys, I'd say. Well, some are
men.
But he was too small. He was less
than ten.
So whatever he was, it had to be
Some sort of boy, as you'll agree.
He was even a *washed* boy now
and then.
But best of all, he was my boy—
Benn!

Well, that's all true, but I wasn't sure it was true *enough*, so I had to try another one, and here's what came:

SMALL BENN

Look outside. Do you see Small
Benn
Digging a cave to be his den?
He doesn't want to live with us.
He says he's tired of Mummy's
fuss.
He says he's tired of Daddy's ways
Of being *reasonable*. He says
Daddy's reasons are much too long
And they always end with *Benn is
wrong*.
He says maybe he's not too bright
But he'd like some reasons why
Benn is right.
He says he's tired of Miss Myra
Priss.
He says he certainly will not miss
John L.—that he's just a noisy
tease.
So he asked for a shovel. He *did*
say please.
And he's out there now—has been
all day.
And he *has* been digging, I must
say.
He says no, he's not going to run
away.
He wants his allowance. He wants
his food.
But he's moving into his cave for
good.
Except, that is, for snacks, TV,
And maybe when there's company,
Or to get a drink.
—Well, good luck, Benn.
Come in and see us now and then.
At least, I hope, to wash your face.
For a cave is a sort of smudgy
place.
And you know the rule—you have
to be
Washed and neat to watch TV.
Better yet—for it looks like rain—
Why not come back in again
And rest a while? It's getting late.
You must be tired. The cave can
wait.
You could sleep here just one more
night.
And I could come and tuck you
tight,
And kiss you, and put out the light.
That's *reasonable*. And it could be
right.
There—right *and* reasonable. No?
Well, then,
Whenever you're ready—you say
when.
But don't forget—we'll miss you,
Benn.

Well, sir, we talked that one over and we decided it was true in some ways but not in every way. Benn did agree that he used to act that way sometimes when he was small (and I certainly had to agree that he was going on nine and that it made a big difference), but he wants me to explain it wasn't really a cave he was digging, but sort of a camping place in case he decided to make a camp there because then the hole he was digging would make a good place to keep things in, which certainly makes sense if you know what sort of sense it is you are supposed to be making.

In any case I tried again a few days later and though this poem isn't *exactly* what Benn said, it is very much like the sort of thing he does say when he is watching me shave, and as a matter of fact he did say some of it exactly this way, and to keep a little surprise in it, I haven't shown him this poem yet:

WHILE I WAS SHAVING

Daddy, you know that Billy Fitch?
He says his Daddy says you're
rich.
I know you jingle—your pockets do.
If *you're* rich, then am *I* rich, too?
I don't jingle. Well, *some of the*
time
I have a nickel, and maybe a dime,
And I feel in my pocket which is
which.
And I can tell. But that's not rich.
And not really a jingle but sort of
a clink.
Is that the difference, do you
think?
You jingle, Daddy. I *like* to hear
The way you jingle loud and
clear—
All quarters and fifty cents's too.
Do you like to feel them like—*as I*
do?
(I remembered, didn't I?) And
can you
Tell with your fingers which is
which?
How loud a jingle is *really* rich?
Are you rich? I *hope* you are.
You bought a thirty-five-cent cigar
Last Sunday morning. If you're
rich,
Why is it Mummy hasn't a stitch?
That's what she said today when
she bought
A dress and a hat. Did they cost a
lot?
How much is this house? Are we
going to buy
A new car? Daddy, when you die
May I have the house? (See, I
didn't say
"Can"—I remembered to say
"may.")
Can I, huh? When I'm old as you
Will I be fat and funny, too?
And will I be rich? That Billy Fitch
Says his Daddy says you're rich.
I *hope* it's true. If it *is* true
Someday will I be rich as you?

And that just leaves time to say Happy Birthday, Benn, because Mummy and I are glad you came.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

On the Seminole Peace Path

PALEFACES who have plans to visit South Florida during the current semester of unbearable weather ought to know that a state of hostility still exists between the Seminoles and the rest of us. While no skirmishes are expected to break out this winter, no peace treaty has been signed either, leaving both the Seminole Nation and the U.S. Government in a state of peaceful coexistence. Such a condition leaves the Indians available for trade and aid, neither of which contravenes the state of cold war that has existed since 1858. In 1857 the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, had stated that the Seminoles "had baffled the energetic efforts of our army to effect their subjugation and removal." The government resorted to bribery, and a payment of $6,500 was accepted by Chief Billy Bowlegs to get out of town, or at least out of the Everglades. He took the offer made to him, and so did four assistant chiefs who got $1,000 each, and warriors whose removal was worth $500 each. At least 300 other Seminoles refused the money, and they returned to the swamps, where they almost rose again in 1880.

The Indians still in residence in South Florida are descendants of the holdouts. Some carry the bloodlines of runaway slaves who themselves had been members of fierce African tribes brought to the South in bondage. There are some 1,200 Seminoles now in Florida, about 900 of them members of the Seminole Tribe of Florida, another 150 of them Miccosukees living on the Tamiami Trail, which runs diagonally across the state through the Glades, and the rest of them scattered and unenrolled.

Doubtless the most organized of the Indians occupy the Seminole Okalee, a sort of Redskin Williamsburg located twenty miles above Miami just off State Road 7. Although the mailing address is West Hollywood, the Okalee is actually part of a 400-acre reservation. It surely displays the best of the disparate worlds of showbiz and the savage, a fact I came to appreciate during the course of an extended tour conducted by Bill Osceola, a Seminole who is in charge of the business operations of the village. In his spare time Mr. Osceola—Osceola is a favorite name among Seminoles, especially since it was also the name of a celebrated chief—is, in addition, a Baptist minister and pastor of the Independent Miccosukee Baptist Church.

The Okalee is part museum, part arts-and-crafts center, part working village, and part theatre. Visitors are shown how Seminoles make buckskin. "Jes' peel um up," said Bill Osceola in a curious combination of TV Indian talk and cracker accent. "You know, it become bucksin. He wants to change um color, get roots, build fire, smoke um, make color change."

Squaws show how they make designs in riotous colors for skirts and jackets, and others make beads and bracelets; men fashion tomahawks and scoop the innards out of cypress logs to make dugout canoes. But aside from these cliché customs, which are traditionally paraded before the whites by all Indians from the Cherokees of North Carolina to the Hopis of the Southwest, there are at the Okalee some fascinating insights into the curious ways that still remain.

The Indian burial ground at the Okalee shows the Seminole system of above-ground interment. As Bill Osceola explained, rather clinically, "Put underground, insects eat, get more hungry, more Indians die. This way Indian people not die so much. Put um on top of ground. Give it to him bow and arrow. Give um something to eat. What he likes while here, he give um." Many a visitor to the Seminole Okalee has questioned these rites, which, in food deliverance to the dead, approximate some Oriental death customs. Bill Osceola has defended the Indian ways often and with irrefutable logic. "If white man get up smell flower, then Indian man get up eat," he has said.

AN Indian village, so a typical working exhibit shows, is made up of many chickees—thatch-topped huts that are raised off the ground on stilts. The more daughters he has, the more chickees a father might have to build, for in the Seminole fashion, if you have a daughter who marries, the son-in-law comes to live with you. If you have sons, they move out to live in someone else's chickee and your village is small.

Corn is the Seminole staple, and the squaws grind it, boil it with water until it becomes a drink called *sofkee*. When the hunting is good the Indians eat black bear steaks, deer, and wild turkey. In the bushlands, where many live, they have to contend with panthers, vultures, bobcats, and raccoon, all of which, along with deer and bear, are kept in cages at the Okalee. Other residents are alligators, some as heavy as 1,000 pounds and thirteen feet long. Lesser examples, perhaps only seven or eight feet long, are wrestled by the Seminole braves as part of the regular show. The Indians venture into a deep pool in which three alligators are resident at the same time, wrestle one to

Seminoles in South Florida—a cold war since 1858.

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dry land, flip him over, and mesmerize him into passive repose. They do not always win.

WHILE Seminoles are not wrestling alligators as part of their daily regimen in the Glades, they could do it if called upon. A Seminole language remains in active use, and many Indians cannot speak English beyond making their wants known at the store. Despite their connections with the rather bizarre tourist Florida, they maintain many of their old customs, the most colorful and grisly of which is the Green Corn Dance held each year late in June. Seminoles come together in conclave in the woodlands. On the first day the men chop wood for the chickees that are put up to shelter the throng, and to provide fuel for the stoves. The second day the women cook deer, bear, turkey, and an occasional wild hog or bird. Feasting and gorging and dancing take place until shortly before midnight. On the third day no one eats, but the Indians dance all day and into the night; then the odd rituals begin.

Burning embers or a lighted stick are applied to the arms of adolescent youths, so that the scars, which will remain forever, will light their way to heaven when the time comes. For the braves a purification of the soul is effected by witch doctors who first take the penitents inside a smoke-filled tent. Then the medicine man scratches the body of the men with four or five needles, frequently rusty. The wounds are left to bleed, and if the Indian is in great pain, he at least has the satisfaction of knowing that the ceremony he has endured has assured him of another year of life. On the fourth day, the Green Corn ceremony is over, and all the families break camp and head homeward.

If the ways of the medicine man seem to be doubtful, Seminole healers have adherents even among white men. Josie Billie, a local medicine man who also uses herbs, has a number of white patients, and at least one drug company is now using a tranquilizing herb supplied from Seminole sources. In a rather primitive form of acupuncture, the Seminole medicine man also uses glass splinters which are introduced into rheumatic limbs, then removed by suction using a cow horn. Socialized medicine has not yet found its way into the tribe; the medicine man expects to get paid a chicken, a pig, or a length of material in the color he has specified.

IT was the use of herbs that originally gave Osceola his name, a name that has been passed along to many Seminoles of present times. Osceola the chief, as the museum exhibit at the Okalee shows, was born on the Tallapoosa River in northern Georgia in 1804. His great-grandfather was said to have been a Scot named James MacQueen, and his mother was one Polly Copinger. Osceola renounced his white ancestry, spoke only fragmentary English, considered himself a Creek Indian.

Before important ceremonies most of the southeast Indians would drink a black, tealike liquid that would function as a diuretic, an emetic, and a laxative. With the body thus cleansed, the warriors would emit loud cries, perhaps

Trinkets for tourists—"the best of showbiz and the savage."

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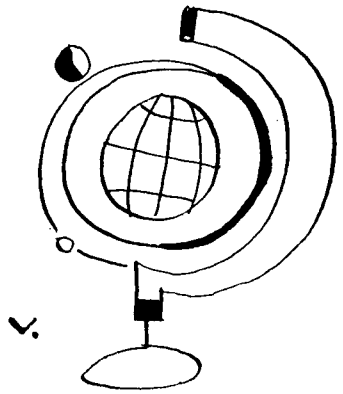
over the effects of what they had just imbibed. The brew was called *asi* and the shouters were known as *yahola.* Putting the two together, and allowing for slight corruption, led to Osceola.

Osceola himself, a zealot who sought freedom from white domination, was finally taken into custody when he agreed to join a peace parley. Once he had arrived at the peace table he was struck on the head and imprisoned at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina. He died there of respiratory infections. Similar subterfuges and indignities were continually pressed upon the Seminoles, who were faced first with the expansionist ideas of the Southern planters when Florida was still part of Spain, and then with the Southern efforts to get back their slaves who had taken refuge in the Florida swamplands and joined the Indians. The Seminoles were pleased to be reinforced by the Negroes, many of whom had themselves been warriors in the fighting tribes of Senegal and the Gold Coast. The incursions of slave catchers incited the fury of the Indians, and the first of the Seminole wars erupted in 1817. Two other wars followed, bringing into the fray such Indian fighters as Andrew Jackson and Zachary Taylor. The second Seminole war cost the government $20,000,000 and employed nearly 9,000 troops at one time.

The third war began in 1855 and a fourth was nearly ignited in the 1880s. Today's Seminoles, who weave baskets and tan buckskin for the tourists, are the descendants of the fractious tribes who fought the invasions of the white man. That they never signed a peace treaty seems little cause for wonder. That they confine their combative tal-



ents to wrestling alligators is almost a surprise. The Okalee at West Hollywood, near Dania, offers a remarkably vivid introduction into Seminole life. While the Seminoles have practiced peaceful coexistence for nearly eighty years now, anyone who has had only the slightest brush with their history might understandably walk through the Okalee with a pronounced feeling of malaise.

—Horace Sutton.

TV AND RADIO

The Relevant Question

IT WAS Sunday morning, November 24. For almost forty-eight hours the nation's television and radio audiences had been following broadcasting's greatest, saddest drama. The epic events in Dallas and Washington had unfolded with a cruel, bewildering mesmerism. Television viewers had shared with great public figures and anonymous spectators a numbing sense of shock, bewilderment, and grief. The collective solemnity with which the participants and reporters strove to overcome the heavy weight of the irrational tragedy had been transmitted with full force. The protagonists and artifacts of the crisis had been delivered to the nation with instant immediacy—the poignant, heroic President's widow, the uncomprehending children, the flag-draped casket, the riderless horse, the arrest of a suspect, Lee H. Oswald. The experience had begun in anarchy and ended in ritual, and through it all the sound and sight media had triumphantly demonstrated the healing catharsis of broadcasting in which practically nothing is allowed to stand in the way of events as they are.

By this bright and chilly Sunday morning, only one thing was missing. It was as if this story, too, had to have the obligatory ending—the visible lesson that crime does not pay. Though the mind may utterly reject the notion, there is a contagion in public violence; our learned disciplines have far from plumbed the obscure connections between individual deed and collective thought. And on that Sunday, television provided the missing murder in full view of an estimated audience of 15,000,000 viewers.

As this is written, therefore, we may never know, beyond doubt, who assassinated President Kennedy. We have been told in press and pulpit that political and racial extremists bear a measure of indirect guilt. In the mood of self-examination that often follows sorrowful events of great moment, we must ask what share television played in the killing of Lee Oswald by Jack Ruby. The networks and stations rendered a great service to the nation in its three-day ordeal. Broadcasters not only responded to the general mood of sad unity—they helped to create that mood. The industry suffered severe financial loss and displayed resourcefulness and taste in the job of improvising, directing, and sustaining the coverage.

Yet the question persists: Should Oswald have been moved from the Dallas city jail in the presence of cameras, microphones, and the attendant clutter of onlookers? It was, of course, the Dallas police who permitted the coverage. They may have sincerely thought that the people had a right to see the man they had publicly accused. But whatever their motive, they overlooked the fact that our government is founded on law that seeks to protect the individual in the long perspective against the immediate clamor of well-meaning or evil forces. The broadcasters, in the same manner, gave this point no consideration if they thought of it at all. May they properly lay the responsibility at the door of Dallas and claim that if the police chose to do it, they had the moral right to cover it? Is it true that the media are only brokers, serving the needs of the public, and that the public insisted on seeing the alleged assassin at that particular moment?

There is the long and the short of the public—the public of the now and its

immediate thrusts of attention, and the public of our religious and secular heritage and our future. The immediate public has the right to know—but not at the price of violation of the great tradition that embraces all publics, past and present. Should the broadcasters have exercised restraint and refused to cover the transfer of Oswald in so volatile a situation? If some had refused, would the competition have scored a beat? The problem is ethical. Where does one draw the line between the drive to get the story and the discipline that respects the long perspective of justice?

Nor is this an idle query. Assassinations of great men may be rare, but television's handling of accused individuals is common. Answers are not easy; but at least we can ask the relevant question. And the relevant question is not always "Will it succeed?" Sometimes it may be "Is it right?"

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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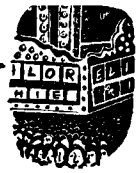

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The War That Nobody Won

TO A NATION still saddened and sickened by the violence in Dallas a few short weeks ago, the theme of Carl Foreman's *The Victors* must seem particularly apt. War, he tells us, has no victors—only survivors; the act of killing destroys the killer as well as his victim. *The Victors* vigorously illustrates these concepts through perhaps half a dozen interlinked vignettes of World War II that start with the invasion of Sicily and end with the first chill of the cold war in East Berlin. Inevitably, there are variations in the quality of the episodes, even in the subtlety of their handling; but never is there any mistaking their import or Foreman's fierce convictions that drove him to write, direct, and produce the film in the first place.

Perhaps, then, first recognition should go to the fact that Foreman's broad canvas is stark and uncompromising. War is not made glamorous; its heroes are rewarded with dirt, danger, and death. What humor there is is indigenous to the characters and the setting, not dragged in to lighten a scene with a pointless laugh. No Mort Sahls perform a comedy "bit" from a foxhole. Foreman has carefully controlled every element in his film, until its final impact is both clean and, despite the disparate episodes, monolithic. It is as if the war were a bit of statuary that Foreman holds in his hands, and every facet as he turns it is ugly. But what the film insists upon, and what gives it stature, is not merely the surface ugliness of war, but war's destruction of decency, self-respect, and ultimately life itself.

If *The Victors* emerges as less than a perfect work of art, however, it is because of this very insistence. Foreman is so anxious to have his message understood that, apart from a Dos Passos-esque newsreel to punctuate and date the episodes, he clings to the conventional—a G.I. who unselfishly befriends a young Sicilian widow, then goes to bed with her; a crude sergeant who is unable to comprehend why the destruction of a modern art collection has so shattered a sensitive young Frenchwoman, but goes to bed with her; another G. I. who meets a beautiful Belgian violinist in a bar, only to find she has turned whore when he returns a few months later. A visit with a kindly British family is mawkishly underlined with "Hail, Britannia" on the music track; the mid-winter execution of a deserter is set with forced irony to a syrupy Christmas song.

As a result, it is not so much the somewhat literary episodes themselves that give this picture its special strength, but rather the underlying conscience that unites them, the sharply observed incidentals of Army life that keep them fresh and alive, and the skilled performances of an all-star cast that sustain them. George Peppard, long a promising young actor, at last fulfills that promise as a soldier who would prefer to fight the war as an uncommitted observer. Eli Wallach wins sympathy for his rather stock character, the tough, knowledgeable, war-weary sergeant. But best of all are the actresses—Melina Mercouri, Jeanne Moreau, and Romy Schneider—who lend the film a warmth and poignancy rare in this genre. *The Victors*, for all its weaknesses, is an appealing film, and Foreman's fundamental sincerity makes it an important one.

One hesitates to be uncharitable to a film like *Charade*, which seeks only to provide a little innocent merriment and make pots of money. One hesitates also to be uncharitable to such affable and graceful performers as Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn, whose perdurable charms suffuse every frame of this mystery comedy in the Hitchcock tradition. No doubt, a few weeks ago *Charade* could be viewed with relative equanimity. True, its deaths are frequent and violent; but we have grown quite used to that in our pictures—even in our comedies. But that, I fear, is just the point. Our films and our television have made us so familiar with murder that we can laugh about it and shrug it away—until murder walks the streets and lurks in police corridors.

The mass media, like it or not, have a heavy responsibility. They not only reflect our times; they affect them. *The Victors* is that rarity, the work of a man of conscience. *Charade*, in which shootings, beatings, and strangulation are played for laughs, is a bit more symptomatic of our times. Certainly no one involved—least of all Mr. Grant—could be accused of a lack of conscience. But they, like most of our picture-makers today, must plead guilty to a lack of awareness that each film that laughs at murder, each film that celebrates violence, each film that makes a hero out of a man with a gun is dehumanizing our society just a little bit more. Of itself, *Charade* is a stylish and amusing melodrama; but in the context of the bloodlust that seems unloosed in our land, it is as sinister as the villains who stalk Miss Hepburn through the cobbled streets of Paris.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Next Time We'll Get It

PARTISANS of *Waiting for Godot* are apt to embrace the Phoenix Theatre's latest offering, *Next Time I'll Sing to You*. For Britisher James Saunders's theatre exercise is equally obscure, wanders facetiously up temporary cul-de-sacs in the same exasperating way, and is here and there touched with a comparable inspired statement of the human condition.

Presented without a curtain or a proscenium arch on a stage stripped down to its mechanical underwear, it apologetically puts on display five characters who seem to be exactly what they are: professional actors. Only their names are falsified. They are called Meff (Mefistopheles?), Dust (Adam?), Lizzie, the identical twin of Lizzie (Eve, before and after?), Rudge (God, or his anti-papist deputy?), and an unnamed actor hired to impersonate the hermit of Great Canfield, an actual person whose life is exhaustively investigated and reconstructed in Raleigh Trevelyan's *A Hermit Disclosed* (St. Martin's Press, $4.75). Incidentally, the play's title also comes from the book, in which the old hermit whispers these words hoarsely and enigmatically to the rector who has come to exchange a few words with his recluse parishioner.

What ensues is deliberately made undramatic by constant reminders in the dialogue that these actors are saying only what they have been saying with equal futility and non-understanding every night. Out of a number of metaphysical meanderings, a focal problem can be vaguely discerned. It has something to do with man's loss of simplicity and direct understanding in an intellectually dextrous age. How can we know man or ourselves through his most constant and most universal characteristic, his omnipresent subsurface grief? How can that be presented through the ritual of stage action? And, more specifically, how can we know a particular hermit whose rejection of the world lends itself to stock technical explanations?

Director Peter Coe, with an assist from designer David Hays's soap-box props, has tackled the problem freshly. There is indeed one fantastic scene in which, by means of clothesline and a few upright timbers, the actors create a gigantic spiderweb around the hermit, while Rudge magnifies the image until the web becomes three-dimensional in both space and time and its anchors are fixed at the end of the Universe.

In the role of Rudge, James Earl Jones puts great force behind intellectual statement. And when, ultimately, he describes the world as "a zoo with all the cage doors left open by an idiot keeper, where the animals roam at will devouring one another, leaving exotic and unlovely messes on the neat concrete footpaths," he accuses God and society so starkly that we see the horror of our recent national tragedy in unsentimental and unpolitical perspective.

As Lizzie, Estelle Parsons confides in the audience with one deliciously funny soliloquy about the pros and cons of extramarital sex. Using a technique similar to that made famous by Judy Holliday, but with her own very distinctive personality, Miss Parsons is completely winning and convincing in an examination of an ordinary young girl's search for suitable clichés to justify the amorality of what she finds herself inexplicably determined not to do without, and just as inexplicably unwilling to plunge into. William Needles's hermit sustains a tone of slightly absurd wounded dignity throughout. But as Meff and Dust, Jered Barclay and Harris Yulin have great difficulty in not seeming somewhat too pleased with the ineffectuality of much of the material they are required to recite.

Is *Next Time I'll Sing to You* a masterpiece, as it has been called by one London critic? If so, we find ourselves with the difficult obligation to regard every ineffective joke, every futile attempt to arrive at a conclusion, as a masterful demonstration that our actions do not define us and that, although true understanding cannot be stated, it can be sensed by going through the motions of instinctively filling in the time between our conception and our death.

The less sympathetic theatregoer will be more inclined to regard the thirty-eight-year-old James Saunders as simply a promising new playwright with more talent for short, theatrically imaginative spurts and occasional profound insights than for fashioning a total play. But it must be admitted that on a second visit, the less finished production of *Next Time I'll Sing to You* here held my interest more constantly than did the London original and that, at the very least, whatever *is going on nightly at the* Phoenix Theatre challenges the dimensions of our theatre and puzzles our minds enormously. —HENRY HEWES.

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Capitalism

Continued from page 15

ideology itself, however, comes from those, such as Perlo, who question whether there has been *any* significant increase, in recent decades, in the relative diffusion of ownership and decision-making in the U.S.

Incomplete as the concept may be for a full explanation of modern American capitalism, there is little doubt that the ideology of people's capitalism is widely used as a defense, justification, and explanation of our contemporary economic system both at home and abroad. As such, it is one of the primary American capitalist ideologies.

The Export Ideology: A synthesis of the major American capitalist ideologies, as described by USIA, has been called enterprise democracy. This ideology, perhaps best thought of as our "export" ideology, has been developed over several Administrations. In his book *What We Are For,* Arthur Larson, former head of the USIA under President Eisenhower, has given one of the few explanations specifically intended for home use of what our "export" ideology is.

The argument of enterprise democracy is that class conflict cannot explain American history. Rather, the practice of cooperation between business, labor, and government—out of the necessity of mutual self-interest—explains the American system. Hence, while the traditional competitive spirit in America is cited as important for the development of an industrial economy, alongside competitiveness, modifying it, is the "strong strain of cooperation." The feature that distinguishes modern enterprise democracy from laissez-faire capitalism is the recognition of necessary cooperation and mutual interest among society's basic groups; this includes recognition of government's positive duty to act when necessary for the varying needs of society's members. Government is different, however, from the other countervailing groups in the economy: "Its power over our freedoms, our fortunes, and our lives can be ultimate and absolute. Every other power in our society is secondary. The power of government is final. That is why we instinctively resist its increase."

The key to enterprise democracy is the role assigned to government. Sometimes called by the USIA "the Lincoln Formula," this ideology proclaims that the function of government is to do only that which needs to be done and cannot be done so well privately.

From this thesis, three corollaries are developed: 1) that more than one group should exist to act for the needs of the community; 2) that the major groups in modern industrial society do not basically conflict but rather mutually support one another (*i.e.,* business, labor, and government); and 3) that private methods are always inherently preferable to government action. This, then, means a preference for as little governmental action "as possible." The phrase "as possible" is, of course, elastic and vague.

Other concepts that the ideology of enterprise democracy emphasizes are freedom, property, justice, individuality, group allegiance, and religion. The traditional criticisms of capitalism—competitiveness, class conflict, and inequality of income distribution—are, needless to say, not emphasized.

Essentially, enterprise democracy represents a composite or compromise ideology that, the USIA hopes, will receive a minimum of domestic criticism to let it function abroad as representative of American capitalism. But no term has been made official. Rather, local USIA officers are allowed to describe the American economic system in any terms they feel are appropriate. The basic ideology called enterprise democracy by Larson has not, however, been repudiated by the USIA or the Administration.

The main purpose of the ideology is to produce something that both the two main political parties and the other major groups in this country can agree upon for use in portraying the United States to the world. Its basic outline, therefore, cannot be thought of as inherently Democratic or Republican. If such an identification should occur, enterprise democracy as an export ideology would lose its usefulness as a propaganda instrument.

Like the classical and managerial ideologies, enterprise democracy is backed by an organized group. The main difference is that its support comes from an agency of the government—the USIA, which functions abroad as our propaganda instrument. The operation of the USIA is of tremendous scope but, even so, it is not always a match in size or strength for its Communist counterparts. Through the Voice of America, newspapers, magazines, cultural, educational, and scientific exhibits, motion pictures, and libraries, the USIA attempts to project America's image abroad. This may also explain why the enterprise democracy ideology is better known abroad than at home.

The ideology's adherence to reality is a matter of opinion. Since it offers no body of economic theory, as does the classical ideology of capitalism, the way in which the various groups work out their mutual interests is left quite vague. One must assume the presence of countervailing power, a vague answer in itself. What will prevent the government from going beyond the constraints set up by the concept of limited government is indefinite. One assumes that political pressures and traditions are the constraints.

In newer, developing countries the following of such a nebulous prototype as this would present serious problems. The essentially synthetic character of the enterprise democracy ideology—since it is an attempt to mesh a number of ideological strands from the classical, managerial, countervailing power, and people's capitalism creeds—creates a number of paradoxical, contradictory elements within the ideology. This, of course, is not uncommon in ideologies. There are, however, limits of tolerance as to how many opposing strains can be fitted within the frame of a single ideology and still leave it viable and appealing.

Many observers have commented on our demand that a greater amount of laissez-faire exist in nations receiving foreign aid than exists within our own country, and this attitude is occasionally apparent in our "export" ideologies. But as one studies the pressures under which the USIA must operate and the need to propagandize an ideology inoffensive to any Congressman or group apt to oppose its annual budget, it becomes clear that under our present system the United States cannot expect any other type of "export" ideology, no matter how unrealistic, that is not a compromise. This fact, of course, presents certain problems for effective propaganda. Since it must inevitably attempt to incur a minimum amount of criticism in Congress rather than focusing solely on presenting American capitalism effectively to other nations, our "export" ideology may seem somewhat unrealistic to the folks at home. Perhaps even more important, however, is the question whether it seems as strange to the folks abroad.

THIS short perusal of the various ideologies found within contemporary America suggests reasons why we commonly have difficulty defining our economic system and specifying what the role of government should be. Without some knowledge, however, of the prevalent ideologies of capitalism in our country, it is doubtful that the basic issues and arguments within our economy can be brought clearly into the open, as they must be.

Meanwhile, it may be worth while to remember that American capitalism is, in one way at least, a little like electricity: Nobody knows exactly what it is, but it works—and works well.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Rienzi in Concert—The *Flute*—Mdivani

THOUGH it is nearly forty years since Wagner's *Rienzi* was last produced in New York, the best parts of it had a familiar ring in the concert performance led by Thomas Scherman in Philharmonic Hall last week. These included not only the still-played overture and the occasionally heard "Gerechter Gott" and Rienzi's Prayer, but more particularly those substantial episodes of flowing melody and accentuating mordents which Wagner carried forward to *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* as well as through the *Dutchman*.

In thus preserving *Rienzi*'s best and leaving the rest behind, Wagner showed himself as acute a critic of his own work as he was of others'. At twenty-six (in 1839), with the limited background derived from what the German theatres of the time had to offer, the blocks and props of Meyerbeer and Spontini served well to fill out the impulses he had derived from Weber. Even more suggestive of things to come are the elements derived from Bellini (with whose works he was more than casually acquainted). But what makes the whole exciting and absorbing still are the intellectual energy and will to expression that enabled him to carry out his ambitious purpose—a five-act treatment of a libretto of his own derived from Bulwer-Lytton's novel. Who is striving so nobly and coming as close to success today?

Much of the credit for this engrossing interlude of esthetic history belongs to Scherman, who had to find a cast and indoctrinate an orchestra and chorus in a work barely known to any. There was not the most encouraging foretaste in the overture, which was somewhat mincing, lacking in brio. But once into the dramatic exposition, the excellent chorus of the Choral Art Society, abetted by two men's groups from Brooklyn, sustained a gratifying level of sound whatever the momentary quality of the solo singers. The best of them was that grand veteran, Paul Schöffler, singing a Steffano Colonna of overwhelming authority and dramatic impact, if understandably variable vocal quality. Much of this authority was transmitted to his "son" Adriano, as sung by Grace Hoffman. Some of the music is high for her, but aside from a transposition or two, she met its challenge with conviction and sturdy vocal quality. As Rienzi's sister, Irene Jordan scooped too much in an effort to conquer its extreme range.

The Rienzi, Birger Bergquist of Sweden, had not been heard in this country before, and there are probably some parts of Philharmonic Hall in which he has not been heard yet. The basic quality is not unpleasant, but this is a smallish sound, lacking the drive or penetration to suggest a Roman tribune. In a pair of small parts, Raymond Michalski showed a bass voice of arresting size and quality.

Given the present range of singing talent at the Metropolitan Opera's disposal, a proper revival of Mozart's *Magic Flute* could well start with Joan Sutherland as the Queen of the Night. That the one currently on view starts, instead, with Gianna d'Angelo is about the measure of the magic to be derived from it. In general, the able trio of male principals (Theodor Uppman as Papageno, Nicolai Gedda as Tamino, and Cesare Siepi as Sarastro) were matched among the females only by Jeanette Scovotti as Papagena. Anna Moffo, as Pamina, was innocuously characterless both in sound and action, and Miss d'Angelo sounded too much like too many previous performers of her part—thin, insecure, undramatic.

Doubtless it will be said that it is impracticable for Miss Sutherland to devote an evening to the Queen of the Night's two arias, or that she is "reluctant." However, superior performances of masterworks are not achieved by the merely practicable, whether it is an insufficient voice for some of Mozart's most exacting music, or such an expedient as Silvio Varviso to conduct in place of the ailing Lorin Maazel. Varviso's credits included courage, musicality, and a measure of taste; but even in the second act, where he was better adjusted to his surroundings, there was too little of the symphonic interplay of orchestra and voices which differentiates this mode of writing from, say, Donizetti's in *Lucia*.

With so little that was energizing from the pit, it was left mostly to the performers to provide their own impulse. It came in strongest measure from Uppman, whose command of the (seemingly) naturalistic comedy of his part is consummate, his delivery of the music ideally affectionate. Siepi's Sarastro and Gedda's Tamino are each qualified to be a component of a better totality than Varviso achieved on this occasion. Andrea Velis as Monostatos and Walter Cassel as the High Priest also performed creditably, as did the versatile Miss Scovotti.

However, such is the abundance of genius Mozart poured into this operatic valedictory that where there is at least a marginal amount of performing talent there must be recurrent enchantment. Much of it came in this cast from the well-chosen Ladies (Mary Ellen Pracht, Gladys Kriese, and Shirley Love, who was making her debut) and the engaging "Knaben" (Junetta Jones, Marcia Baldwin, and Joann Grillo), also from the knowing staging of Harry Horner. His production continues to work better than is reasonably expectable on a stage so lacking in mechanics as the Met's. But Mozart deserves much better than the sum of effort in this *Flute*.

Varviso's replacement of Maazel provided an opportunity for Franz Allers to succeed him in the pit for the afternoon's *Fledermaus*. This was not a wholly unfamiliar territory for Allers, for he made his American debut at the Metropolitan in a Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo season long before becoming identified with the conducting of *My Fair Lady*, or *Paint Your Wagon*, or *Brigadoon*. Allers has the Johann Strauss style under complete control, with profitable results to a cast whose particular star was Dorothy Kirsten as Rosalinda. Anneliese Rothenberger's Adele was pert and to the point, William Walker's Frank another credit to the capacity of this young baritone. Jean Madeira as Orlofsky, Frank Guarrera as Falke, and Paul Franke as Eisenstein were gainfully employed.

A NEW species of Soviet musician—female as well as young—came into sight as well as sound with the first appearance in Carnegie Hall of Marina Mdivani. As her name proclaims, she is a native of Georgia; as her art demonstrates, she has learned her pianistic skills well, in the conservatory of that state, and more recently as an artist-pupil in Moscow of Emil Gilels. It is no common choice for a pianist to select the fifteen variations by Beethoven on the "Eroica" theme from *Prometheus*, but this was only one respect in which Miss Mdivani asserted her individuality. Others were the arrow-straight aim of her musical marksmanship, the breadth and understanding she demonstrated of line and design in Beethoven's elaboration of a subject he taught us to love as well as he did. Like certain other early works of Beethoven, there can be much or little reward for the listener, depending on the degree to which the performer can project a portrait from the incomplete sketch conveyed by the notes. Miss Mdivani added to her strong-minded evaluation of the outline a range of color that made the result three-dimensional. She also performed a neutrally derivative Chorale, Prelude, and Fugue by the young (twenty-

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THE CRITICS CHOOSE THE TOP RECORDINGS OF 1963

ANY doubt that Benjamin Britten's *War Requiem* and the first uncut recording of Richard Wagner's *Siegfried* were the outstanding issues of 1963 is resolved beyond a shadow by the results of the annual poll conducted by *SR* RECORDINGS among the record critics of the nation's press. As in the past, ballots were mailed to those serviced by review records by the major companies. More than seventy responded, with the gratifying results to London Records, who issued the two top nominees, as follows: for the *War Requiem* (choral or miscellaneous), thirty votes; for *Siegfried* (in the opera category), twenty-four.

What is even more impressive is that more than a dozen critics voted for *both* recordings in preference to any others. This is more than, in some recent years, have been able to agree upon a single issue in the year's hundreds. They are, in alphabetical sequence, Paul Affelder, Newark (N.J.) *News;* Friedson Bower, Richmond (Va.) *Times-Dispatch;* Milton A. Caine, Jamaica (N.Y.) *Aviation News;* James Frankel, Cleveland (O.) *Press;* Joseph Gale, Elizabeth (N.J.) *New Jersey Music and Arts Magazine;* David Hall, contributor to *Hi Fi Stereo Review;* Herbert Kupferberg, New York (N.Y.) *Herald Tribune;* Joseph McLellan, Boston (Mass.) *The Pilot;* Bernard Soll, Yonkers (N.Y.) *Showbill;* Truman Stacey, Lake Charles (La.) *American Press;* Stuart Stephenson, Roanoke (Va.) *Times* and Roanoke *World-News;* Tilden Wells, Columbus (O.) *Dispatch;* Les Zacheis, Cedar Rapids (Iowa) *Gazette;* and the undersigned, a total of fourteen.

Even more registered a preference for Britten in conjunction with something other than *Siegfried.* Among these were eight who paired it with one of the opera recordings with Leontyne Price (on RCA Victor), which gave her runner-up status. They were (with the appropriate Price recording in parenthesis): Barry Farrell, *Time* (*Tosca*); Hilmar Grondahl, Portland (Ore.) *Oregonian* (*Tosca*); Roy Hemming, New York (N.Y.) *Scholastic Magazines* (*Butterfly*); Leo Lerman, New York (N.Y.) *Mademoiselle* (*Butterfly*); Alan Rich, New York (N.Y.) *Herald Tribune* (*Butterfly*); George W. Stowe, Hartford (Conn.) *Times* (*Butterfly*); Bertram Taylor, Mt. Kisco (N.Y.) *Patent Trader* (*Butterfly*); and F. W. Woolsey, Louisville (Ky.) *Times* (*Tosca*). Others for Britten were led by *Michael J. Girratano,* Evansville (Ind.) *Sunday Courier and Press;* and John Voorhees, Seattle (Wash.) *Post-Intelligencer,* who shared a preference for Angel's recording of *Boris Godunoff* with Boris Christoff. The rest included Edwin S. Bergamini, *Better Listening* magazine; Michael

Chiusano, New York (N.Y.) *Music Journal;* Cliff Coleman, Honolulu (Hawaii) *Star-Bulletin;* Ogden Dwight, Des Moines (Iowa), *Register and Tribune;* George Knight, Tampa (Fla.) *Tribune;* and Steve Rubin, New York (N.Y.) *Square Journal.*

Those who elected *Siegfried* in company other than Britten were headed by John M. Conly, formerly of *High Fidelity;* Benjamin H. Doroff, Syracuse (N.Y). *Herald-American;* Donald J. Henahan, Chicago (Ill.) *Daily News;* David Ivins, New York (N.Y.) *Escapade* magazine; Edward Miller, New York (N.Y.) *Seventeen* magazine; Louis Nicholas, Nashville (Tenn.) *Tennessean;* Arden X. Pangborn, Portland (Ore.) *Journal;* William J. Swank, Jackson (Mich.) *Citizen-Patriot;* William Allin Stoner, Boston (Mass.) *Jewish Advocate;* and Warren Twyford, Norfolk (Va.) *Virginian-Pilot.*

A trend of sampling that might invite analysis is the answers that were unattracted either to Britten or to *Siegfried,* but were partial to one or the other of the recordings with Price. These ranged from Martin Bookspan of *Hi Fi Stereo Review* and the *New York Times* (*Madama Butterfly*) to Douglas Watt of the *New Yorker* (also *Butterfly*), and also included Charles Kinzly, Buffalo (N.Y.) *Courier-Express;* Jerry Krupnick, Newark (N.J.) *Star-Ledger* (*Tosca*); Nell Lawson, Buffalo (N.Y.) *Evening News* (*Butterfly*); Thomas B. Sherman, St. Louis (Mo.) *Post-Dispatch;* Delos Smith, United Press International (*Tosca*); and Oscar Smith, Akron (O.) *Beacon-Journal* (*Tosca*).

Of the wide variety of orchestral recordings issued during the year, none attracted support in any substantial

Top Records of 1963

The record reviewers of the nation's newspapers and magazines who responded to this year's Critics Poll cited the following recordings in their respective categories as the ones they "recalled with the most pleasure."

CHORAL: *War Requiem* (Benjamin Britten). The composer conducting (London).

OPERA: *Siegfried* (Wagner). Georg Solti conducting with Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen, Hans Hotter, Joan Sutherland, etc. (London).

Madama Butterfly (Puccini). Leontyne Price, Richard Tucker, etc., with Erich Leinsdorf conducting (RCA Victor).

Tosca (Puccini). Leontyne Price, Giuseppe di Stefano, etc., with Herbert von Karajan conducting (RCA Victor).

ORCHESTRAL: Nine Symphonies (Beethoven). Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra (DGG).

Ein Heldenleben (Strauss) Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra (RCA Victor).

CONCERTO: Concerto No. 3 in D minor (Rachmaninoff). Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, with Anatol Fistoulari conducting the London Symphony Orchestra (London).

INSTRUMENTAL: Artur Schnabel, piano (playing Beethoven sonatas). Reissue by Angel.

MOST COMMENDABLE ENTERPRISE: Schönberg Vols. I and II, conducted by Robert Craft (Columbia).

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measure. Martin Mayer of *Esquire*, and half a dozen others already identified, prefered Herbert van Karajan's Beethoven recordings for DGG to anything else (Mayer confined his enthusiasm to the *Eroica*). There were a few votes each for Leinsdorf's Boston Symphony recording of *Ein Heldenleben* (RCA Victor), his *Midsummer Night's Dream* excerpts, and Bartók Concerto. Other recordings that appeared on two or three ballots in this category were the Paris symphonies of Haydn by Ernst Ansermet and the Suisse Romande Orchestra for London, Menuhin's collaboration with Colin Davis in Berlioz's *Harold in Italy* (Angel), and the late Fritz Reiner's *Pastorale* Symphony of Beethoven with the Chicago Symphony (RCA Victor), nominated by Jack Burke of the (Madison, Wis.) *Phoenix Gazette*.

It was not, to judge from the results, a notable year for concerti. Ray La Roque, Worcester (Mass.) *Sunday Telegram*; Donald Setinfirst, Pittsburgh (Pa.) *Post-Gazette;* and Peregrine White, Durham (N.C.) *Morning Herald* and Greensboro (N.C.) *Daily News* were joined by three others in nominating Vladimir Ashkenazy's recording of the Rachmaninoff Third Concerto (London) as the best they heard. This total of seven was sufficient to exceed the mention of any other, including the Rubinstein-Leinsdorf recording of the Tchaikovsky No. 1 (RCA Victor), which was the preference of three headed by Larry Colton, Portland (Maine) *Press Herald*. E. Clyde Whitlock, Ft. Worth (Tex.) *Star-Telegram* and one other remembered best the Heifetz recording of the Beethoven Violin Concerto in D (RCA Victor).

Indeed, the instrumentalist whose name appeared most often in the poll was the bygone one of Artur Schnabel, recently restored to currency in the *Great Recordings of the Century* series and through the reissue of his complete

sonatas of Beethoven (both on Angel). Kenyon Rosenberg, Culver City (Calif.) *Deal Publications* put the reissue of the five Beethoven concertos (Angel) in the "Most Commendable Enterprise" category. Robert C. Marsh, Chicago (Ill.) *Sun-Times*, did not temporize in his esteem for Schnabel; the Beethoven concerti were his choice in the "concerted" category as the sonatas were in the "instrumental." There were, in all, seven such votes (in one category or another), including Walter F. Grueninger's of *Consumer Bulletin*.

Though Benjamin Boretz of *The Nation* could not agree in most categories with the majority choices, he was among those who selected the Schönberg issues by Columbia as the "most commendable enterprise" of the year. He gave a specific vote, in the "solo vocal" category, to Bethany Beardslee's recording with Robert Craft of *Pierrot Lunaire*; but the other eight who remembered the venture paid tribute to it as an entity. Indeed, several commended the excellent start with Volumes I and II by adding the hope that additional releases will be forthcoming to fulfill the promise of the title of *The Complete Schönberg*.

While with Boretz, it might be noted that in a space reserved for "general comment" he offers the thought: "Obviously we need a noncommercial recording company to fulfil the role in this

(*Continued on page* 33)

RECOMMENDED RECORDINGS, CHRISTMAS 1963

JAZZ

Louis Armstrong & Duke Ellington: The Great Reunion	Roulette 52103
Count Basie: Li'l Ol' Groovemaker	Verve V6-8549
Kenny Burrell: Bluesy Burrell	Moodsville 29
Leroy Carr: Blues Before Sunrise	Columbia CL 1799
Duke Ellington: Afro-Bossa	Reprise 6069
Duke Ellington: The Ellington Era	Columbia C3L-27
Ella Fitzgerald & Count Basie: Ella and Basie	Verve V6-4061
Erroll Garner: One World Concert	Reprise 6080
Coleman Hawkins: Today and Now	Impulse 34
Woody Herman: Woody Herman, 1963	Philips 200.065
Claude Hopkins: Swing Time	Swingville 2041
Charlie Mingus: The Black Saint and the Sinner Lady	Impulse 35
Illinois Jacquet: Illinois Jacquet	Epic 16033
Billie Poole: Confessin' the Blues	Riverside 458
Jimmy Rushing: Five Feet of Soul	Colpix 446
Memphis Slim: Steady Rolling Blues	Bluesville 1075
Jimmy Smith: Back at the Chicken Shack	Blue Note 4117
Various Artists: Out Came the Blues	Decca DL 4434
T-Bone Walker: The Blues	Capitol T-1958
Gerald Wilson: Moment of Truth	Pacific Jazz 61

—STANLEY DANCE.

Thelonious Monk Quartet: Two Hours with Thelonious; European Concerts	Riverside 460-461
Miles Davis Quintet: Seven Steps to Heaven	Columbia CL 2051
Max Roach Quartet: Speak, Brother, Speak	Fantasy 6007
Pee Wee Russell Quartet: New Groove	Columbia CL 1985
Milt Jackson Sextet: Invitation	Riverside RM 446
Stan Getz and Gary McFarland's Orchestra: Big Band Bossa Nova	Verve V-8494
Coleman Hawkins Septet: Desafinado—Bossa Nova & Jazz Samba	Impulse mono A-28
Modern Jazz Quartet: The Comedy	Atlantic 1390
Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers: Ugetsu	Riverside RM 464
Ornette Coleman Quartet: Ornette on Tenor	Atlantic 1394
Joe Sullivan: Little Rock Getaway; Joe Sullivan at the piano	Riverside RLP 158
George Lewis Band of New Orleans: Jazz At Preservation Hall No. 4	Atlantic 1411

—WILDER HOBSON.

Sandy Bull: Fantasias	Vanguard 9119
Ornette Coleman: Ornette on Tenor	Atlantic 1394
Duke Ellington: The Ellington Era	Columbia C3L 27
Duke Ellington and John Coltrane	Impulse 30
Bill Evans: Conversations with Myself	Verve 8526
Bill Evans-Shelly Manne: Empathy	Verve 8497
Art Farmer-Jim Hall: Interaction	Atlantic 1412
Dexter Gordon: Go	Blue Note 4112
Jimmy Giuffee: Free Fall	Columbia 1964
Billie Holiday: Lady Love	United Artists 14014
Charlie Mingus: The Black Saint and the Sinner Lady	*Impulse* 35
Thelonious Monk: Monk's Dream	Columbia 1963
Gerry Mulligan: Jeru	Columbia 1932
Charlie Parker: Once There Was Bird	Parker 408
Pee Wee Russell: New Groove	Columbia 1985
Bola Sete: Bossa Nova Guitar	Fantasy 3349
Horace Silver: Silver's Serenade	Blue Note 4131
Martial Solal at Newport	RCA Victor 2777

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS : JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Earl Bostic: *Jazz as I Feel It.* Bostic, alto saxophone; Richard "Groove" Holmes, organ; Joe Pass, guitar; Herbert Grody or James Bond, bass; Shelly Manne or Charles Blackwell, drums. King 846, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Bostic, an unusually talented alto saxophonist, has enjoyed enormous success for years in a field analogous to rock 'n' roll. Back to jazz after a long interval, his extensive range and ease of execution impress listeners immediately. He swings powerfully with vehement attack and a defiant buzz; his abandon and complete dominance of the instrument often recall Sidney Bechet on the soprano saxophone. The blues is his forte, and in this respect the second side is far superior to the uninhibited first. Groove Holmes, Joe Pass, and Shelly Manne all contribute fruitfully.
Erroll Garner: *A New Kind of Love.* Garner, piano, with thirty-five-piece orchestra conducted by Leith Stevens. Mercury 20859, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	The movies have put Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman back in Paris again, and this time it is Erroll Garner who has composed music for them. His lush, generous melodies are well attuned to the popular, romantic conception of the French capital. "Paris Mist," which comes in waltz, swing, and bossa nova flavors, seems to have the most potential, but in performance "The Tease" has the most jazz. Besides his own compositions, Garner plays a number of other tunes associated with Paris or Maurice Chevalier, such as "Louise," "Mimi," "In the Park in Paree," and "You Brought a New Kind of Love."
Lionel Hampton: *Hamp in Japan, Live.* Hampton, vibraphone, with big band. Glad-Hamp GHLP-1006, $3.98.	This was recorded in Tokyo by a band of American and Japanese musicians in almost equal proportions. The material, arrangements, and vocalists similarly originated on both sides of the Pacific. Miss Yukari Kuroda sings "What'd I Say?" in a manner that indicates designs on both the Ray Charles and Cab Calloway markets. That creditable standards were attained in section and ensemble work is best shown in "Shojoji," but the record's chief musical value lies in several excellent vibraphone solos by Lionel Hampton. Bibby Plater, who leads the reeds, solos very agreeably on alto saxophone in "On the Sunny Side of the Street."
Woody Herman: *Hey! Heard the Herd?* Herman, clarinet and alto saxophone, with big bands of varying personnel. Verve 8558, $4.98; V6-8558, $5.98.	The roaring success of the current Herman Herd prompted the release of this welcome collection of reissues. Made about a decade ago, they show Herman's uncanny gift for putting exciting bands together. His right-hand man, Nat Pierce, is heard to considerable advantage throughout, on piano, organ, and celeste. Trombonist Urbie Green, who had then just attained professional prominence, and bass player Chubby Jackson distinguish themselves. Woody's clarinet colors some final ensembles in authentic and traditional fashion. Good arrangements of standards like "Blue Lou," "Perdido," "Moten Stomp," and "Stompin' at the Savoy" make the set even more enjoyable.
Budd Johnson: *French Cookin'.* Johnson, tenor saxophone; Hank Jones, piano; Kenny Burrell, Everett Barksdale, guitars; Milt Hinton, bass; Osie Johnson, drums; Willie Rodriguez, Latin percussion; Joseph Venuto, marimba and vibes. Argo 721, mono and stereo, $4.98.	It must be something to do with the grandeur of President Charles de Gaulle. Here's another package of French-flavored jazz performances, this time bearing such inspired titles as "Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup." Budd Johnson, irresistible perennial of tenor saxophone, triumphs not only over unlikely tunes but also over a rhythm section inexplicably handicapped by conga, maracas, marimba, and vibes (French instruments?). He has a broad, firm tone and distinctive phrasing, but what really sets him apart is the entirely personal and poignant quality of lyricism on ballads and blues. This is particularly apparent in his moving tribute to critic Hugues Panassié, "Hugues' Blues."
Clark Terry: *Tread Ye Lightly.* Terry, trumpet and flugelhorn; Seldon Powell, tenor and baritone saxophones and flute; Buddy Lucas, tenor saxophone and harmonica; Al Epstein, tenor saxophone and conga; Homer Fields, piano; Gene Bertoncini, guitar; Major Holley, bass; Dave Bailey, drums; Willie Rodriguez, conga. Cameo-Parkway 1071, mono and stereo, $3.98. Charlie Byrd: *Byrd at the Gate.* Byrd, guitar; Keter Betts, bass; Bill Reichenbach, drums; Clark Terry, trumpet; Seldon Powell, tenor saxophone. Riverside RM 467, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Although not without disturbing gimmicks, the Cameo album contains outstanding work by Clark Terry. The piano of Homer Fields, who sounds just like Ray Bryant, was undoubtedly a source of inspiration. Well recorded, Terry plays with unusual power and drive, employing the plunger mute to great effect. The more earthy second side is the better, particularly the slow blues which gives the set its title, but "Georgia" and "Sapphire Blue" on the first are not lacking in impact and artistry. The music on the Riverside record is more restrained: Seldon Powell and Terry each play on two titles, then together on a swinging version of "Broadway."
Stanley Turrentine: *Never Let Me Go.* Turrentine, tenor saxophone; Shirley Scott, organ; Major Holley or Sam Jones, bass; Al Harewood or Clarence Johnston, drums; Ray Barretto, conga. Blue Note 4129, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Turrentine front one of the most tasteful organ groups of the day. The level of musicianship is high and the group can provide, for those who still cling to the don't-like-organ pose, an admirable introduction to organ jazz. Turrentine plays tenor with good tone and facility, while his wife (Shirley Scott that was) has developed an incisive but full technique on the Hammond organ. The opening tune, "Trouble," is a good example of the infectious, lightly rocking interpretation at which they are adept. The moods here are variously adventurous, rejoicing, and reflective, but never sentimental.
Frank Wess: *Steamin'.* Wess, tenor saxophone and flute; Thad Jones, trumpet; Mal Waldron, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; Paul Chambers, bass; Art Taylor, drums. Prestige 7278, mono and stereo, $4.98.	Since Frank Wess became the top flutist in jazz there have been few tenor saxophone solos from him, but those on "Steamin' " and "Count 'Em" are elegant reminders of his prowess on the bigger instrument. His smooth tone, alto inflections, and flowing phrases give his style distinction and a distant kinship with that of an early pace-setter, Chu Berry. Pianist Mal Waldron, who is strong on coloring, establishes moods easily, pushes, and has the ability to play prettily and thoughtfully at the same time. Kenny Burrell and Thad Jones are dependably interesting, and Paul Chambers maintains a powerfully mobile bass pulse. The set consists of four long performances only, which accounts—given such a small group—for occasional pedestrian passages from overtaxed soloists.
Jimmy Witherspoon: *Baby, Baby, Baby.* Witherspoon, vocal; Leo Wright, alto saxophone; Gildo Mahones, piano; Kenny Burrell, guitar; George Tucker, bass; Jimmie Smith, drums. Prestige 7290, mono and stereo, $4.98.	For a long time, it was impossible to hear Jimmy Witherspoon without mental reference to the master, Joe Turner, by whom he was strongly influenced. Today, he is his own man and a convincing performer. Perhaps as a result of his years with the Jay McShann band, he is closer in spirit to the jazz folk than to the folk folk; whiskey and women remain the dominant motifs. A West Coast group accompanies him on four titles on the second side, but is outplayed on the others by one from New York in which Gildo Mahones is the star. —Stanley Dance.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 27

seven) Soviet composer, V. Ovchinnikov, and Liszt's B-minor Sonata.

The much better-known Lev Oborin did less to distinguish himself in his debut with the Philharmonic under George Szell later in the week. Esteemed as a sonata partner with David Oistrakh as well as a chamber music pianist *par excellence*, Oborin performed the B-flat-minor Concerto of Tchaikovsky. He is neither the keyboard tonalist nor the musical dramatist for a work of such bravura requirements. If the choice was his own, it was misguided; if it was imposed on him, it was unfortunate. Szell made some happily harmonious music with the Philharmonic in Dvořák's G-major Symphony, and also gave cause for remembering the name of Tadeusz Baird of Warsaw, whose *Essays for Orchestra* showed an interesting expressive impulse trying to rise above the composer's current preoccupation with the techniques of the Berg-Bartók-Stravinsky-Orff axis. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Kuchta's Bruennhilde

WHEN the *Ring* had its last round of performances at the Metropolitan two seasons ago, Gladys Kuchta sang a competent Gutrune. Since heroic sopranos are almost as scarce today as heroic tenors, Miss Kuchta was recently graduated to the role of Brünnhilde. Judging from her performance in the company's latest *Götterdämmerung*, the switch from Gibichung to goddess has not been entirely to the singer's advantage—or Wagner's for that matter.

Kuchta's primary qualifications for Brünnhilde are diligence and a strong upper register, laudable features in any soprano, but hardly enough to offset a weak lower range, a variable technique, and only superficial dramatic instincts. She may better penetrate the role's psychological complexities when she has sung it more often. But one fears the ultimate effect of so strenuous an assignment on a voice so modestly equipped to cope with it.

Luckily for the soprano—though, again, not for Wagner—the Siegfried of the evening turned out to have even more limited vocal resources. At best, Karl Liebl approximated the prescribed vocal line; at worst, he altered it to suit his abilities (or lack of them). The other additions to the lineup were Rita Gorr, a strong if occasionally strident Waltraute, and Lawrence Davidson, a suitably gruff Alberich. Among the subtractions was Grane, apparently in deference to Miss Kuchta's horse-shyness. He wasn't missed.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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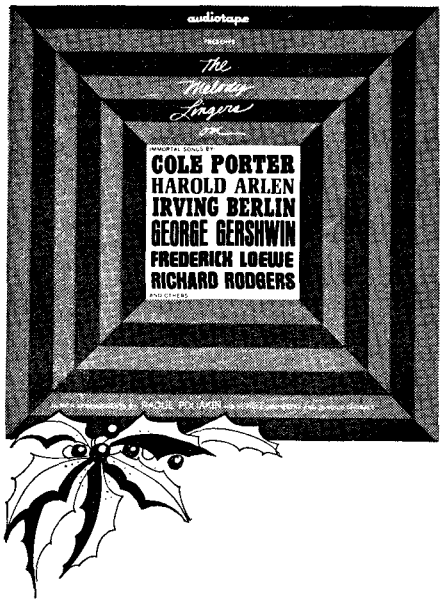

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Mostly Mingus

SURELY the name A. Charles Mingus should be writ large in the history of recent jazz. For one thing, he was the first bass player in twenty years to rethink and reinterpret the function of his instrument. Since 1939 and Jimmy Blanton, the bass has had an exact harmonic function. In the modern jazz ensemble, it has also long carried the rhythmic lead. But Mingus at key moments does not so much "accompany" with his strings, one-two-three-four/one-two-three-four, as he manages also to enrich the ensemble texture with a spontaneous, interplaying, countermelodic part.

Mingus has contributed a great deal more than that. As an instrumentalist, he is one of very few bass players with the technique, quick imagination, commanding presence, and energy to be a truly authoritative soloist. (A superb example is a piece called "Cryin' Blues" on Atlantic 1305.) In his small group he has also rediscovered the semi-improvised ensemble style, the thrilling collective spontaneity that has been missing in jazz since Dixieland descended to its current boozy geniality as a substitute businessmen's bounce.

Mingus also has a capacity that only an exceptional composer-player can have: he encourages merely good sidemen to much better than good performances.

But the name Charles Mingus is writ large in recent journalism for quite other reasons. Mingus declares that white men cannot play jazz, and a flock of reporters quote his words. (But he nearly always uses white musicians in his groups.) Mingus announces that he is disgusted with the United States and is leaving shortly for Spain. (But he does not go to Spain, and a handful of insiders nod that of course they doubted that he would.) Mingus is sued for assault by a long-faithful sideman.

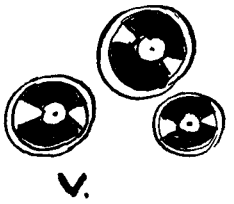
But the name Charles Mingus was never writ quite so large as it was the morning after a certain night in December 1962 when he had held forth at Town Hall.

The occasion was supposed to have been a public recording date, but the producers' announcements and ads somehow came out reading "concert." At one point during the proceedings, Mingus shouted to his audience, advising, "Get your money back!"

The musical results of that evening of turbulence, chaos, and (yes) some achievement, have now been issued on United Artists UAJS 15024—or that part of the results that the company felt could be salvaged for LP. The cover photograph tells a part of the story: strung out across the Town Hall stage is a great pile-up of musicians, some in shirtsleeves, some still stiffly in tux. In the midst, Mingus is instructing one of his saxophonists, Eric Dolphy. Not visible are the music copyists, who were placed conspicuously at center stage, working on the next piece—or perhaps the conclusion of the piece in progress.

As if to give final embellishment to such pouring chaos, the LP itself is mislabeled. The descriptions in Bill Coss's accompanying program notes are correct, but six titles on the LP label are wildly juggled. Further, what is labeled "My Search," but apparently should have been labeled "Epitaph II," is actually a version of an earlier Mingus work, "Pithecanthropus Erectus" (a performance of almost overwhelming impact in its original version on Atlantic 1237). And what is labeled "Epitaph I," but should have been labeled "Finale," is actually a spirited version of Duke Ellington's "In a Mellotone," which the group simply began to ad lib at the close of the evening, as the management was sternly attempting to bring down the curtain.

Several soloists do shine on this LP—Mingus, Dolphy, and trumpeter Clark Terry, who is a brick throughout. Yet one cannot say that the music is successful. Paradoxically, it is also fascinating. Even through a sloppily played or draggingly rehearsed ensemble, one is forcefully aware of the abiding musical energy and personality of the bass-



playing leader. One also senses what a distinct loss the evening was, for Mingus has recently shown (particularly on two recitals for Columbia, CL 1370 and CL 1440) a continuously developing grasp of large ensemble composing and playing.

The Charlie Mingus Quintet, now released on Fantasy 6009, featuring drummer Max Roach on one track, was actually recorded in a nightclub a few years back. The set contains versions of "Love Chant," "A Foggy Day," and "Haitian Fight Song" that are not nearly so forceful as the originals (again, these are on the fine Atlantic series, 1237 and 1260). Mingus also offers a total and superior recomposition of the melody of "I'll Remember April." Most of the pieces have relatively uncomplicated solos by tenor saxophonist George Barrow, an improviser gifted with fine natural swing. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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Critics Poll

Continued from page 29

domain that the university has begun to take in the domain of 'musical life': the counterposition, to the repetition and irresponsibility generated by a commercial situation, of interesting (and for the musical awareness of the community, essential) repertory determined only by what should be, but is not at present, available to present a genuinely complete picture of the development of musical thought up to the present moment."

The purpose, or objective, is certainly desirable. But perhaps it would be a sounder plan if foundation money—which is almost certainly the only source for underwriting such a scheme—were applied to a plan to purchase and distribute to libraries, university music schools, and other central points of usage, the number of such records required to meet the cost of their production either by a university or by a commercial company. Thus, for example, the Schönberg series for Columbia by Craft, or the Time recordings of avant-garde matter, or such issues from Contemporary as Edward Steuermann's Busoni. If it would add such issues from abroad as Humphrey Searle's First Symphony and Matyas Seiber's *Elegy* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* which London produced in association with the British Council, it could turn over the amount needed to fund a continuing representation from foreign countries as well. What it would mean, simply, is that instead of calling upon the universities to provide their own facilities and talent—which they might or might not have available—the technical knowledge and equipment already at the disposal of the commercial companies would serve the additional purpose. This is a logical extension of the ventures that have already been made by Columbia, for example, in the Louisville series, and the Naumburg Recordings. By whichever road the goal is approached, the objective is a worthy one, for whose articulation Boretz deserves thanks. —I.K.

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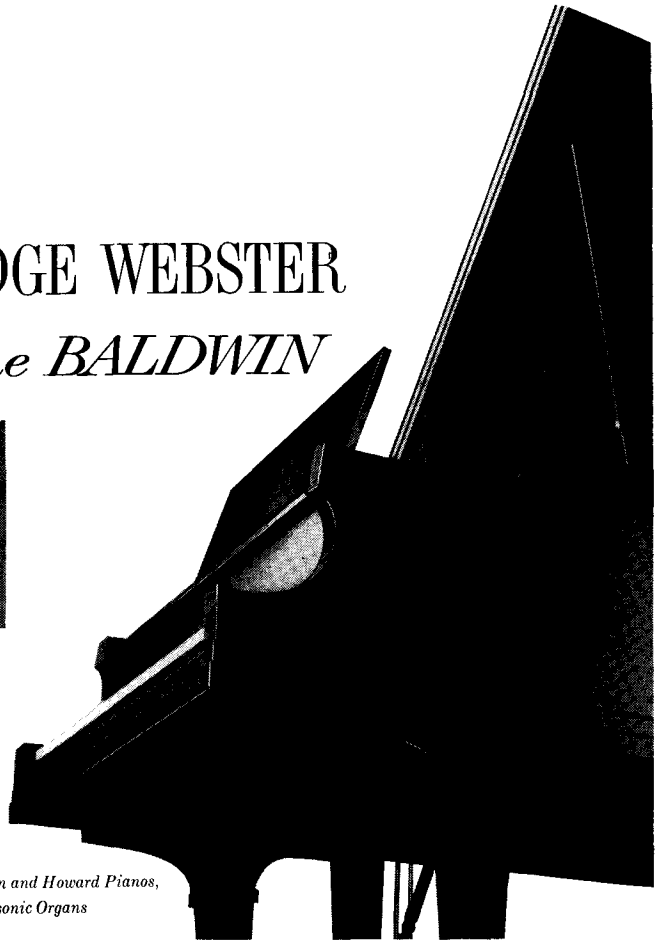

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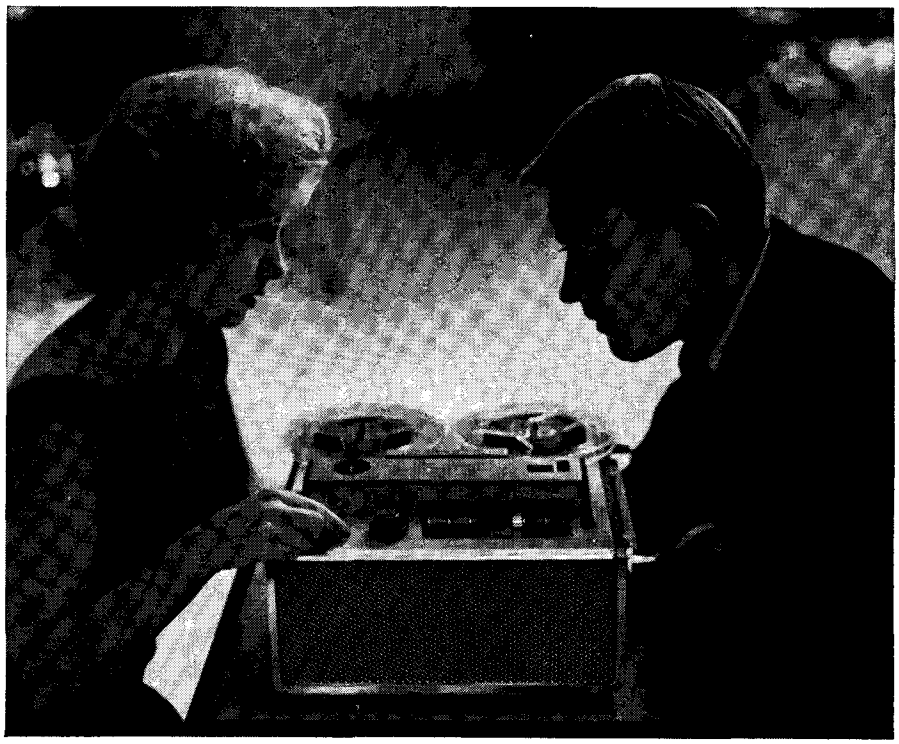

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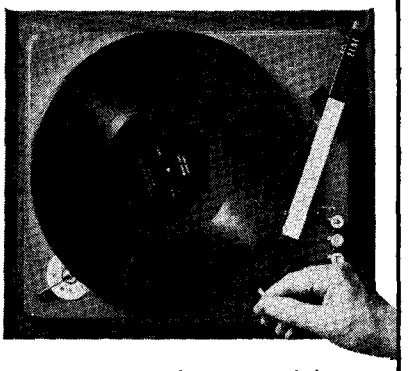

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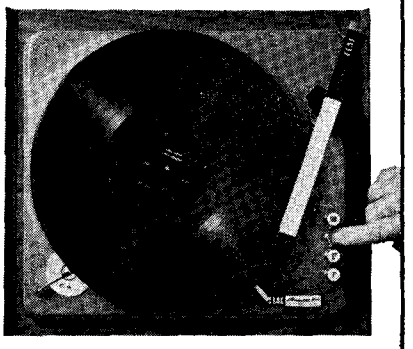

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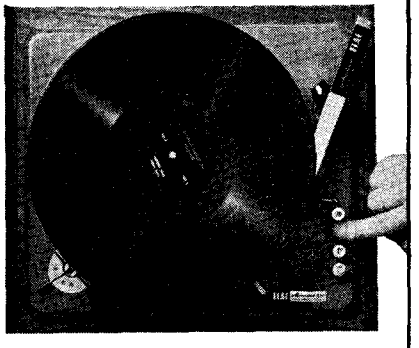

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A "Maligayang Pasko" to You and Yours

THOSE who consider themselves put upon—and who doesn't?—because radio and television can hardly wait for Thanksgiving to pass before beginning to broadcast Christmas music should consider the plight of the record reviewer. His "Yule" begins immediately after Labor Day, with the delivery of the first of the "Christmas with" albums. The steady stream that follows leaves no doubt that they were recorded in steaming mid-summer—and most of them sound like it.

This year's choices range from a "Christmas with" the New Christy Minstrels (Columbia CS 8896) to a *Bonanza* Christmas, with all the "favo-rights" talking Western just like they do on TV. Thus, if Christmas has the bad taste to come out on a day when the *Bonanza* show is not on your local channel, you can have all the Cartwrights there anyway. This year's contribution to the spirit of the Nativity seems to be a number called "Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas." The creation of Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane gives the title to a "Christmas with" by Wayne King and orchestra (Decca 74438) and is also favored by Johnny Mathis (Mercury MG 20837) and Robert Goulet (Columbia 8876). The latter, we are informed, was recorded in Hollywood in July, between Goulet's sessions at the Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel. Well, that's one way to promote the Christmas spirit.

Another, more productive way is to invoke the aid of Bach Guild BGS 5066, on which the Deller Consort devotes itself to a dozen and a half carols and motets of medieval and Tudor England. Many are anonymous, some by such composers as Dunstable, Pygott, Richard Smert, and Roy Henry, but all are equal in their beauty and the beauty of their performance by Deller, his quartet of vocal associates, and the Musica Antiqua, Vienna's ensemble of recorders, cornetto, trombone, krummhorn, etc. Quite as good in its different way is *The Many Moods of Christmas*, in which Robert Russell Bennett does for the Robert Shaw Chorale what he did for the voice of Marian Anderson in 1962. That is to say, he has taken a familiar range of carols ("Silent Night," "I Saw Three Ships," "Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly") and hymns ("O Come, All Ye Faithful," "Joy to the World," "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing") and by the vitality of his instrumentation (which often takes in new harmonies and a web of secondary voices as well as orchestral color) given them renewed interest. In addition to the finely disciplined Chorale, Shaw gets excellent results from the orchestra, organ, lute, etc., which are utilized (RCA Victor LM 2684, LSC 2684).

For those who prefer to leave the traditional to the radio and television and utilize the record for something more esoteric, this year provides a choice between *Christmas in the Congo* (Philips PCC 607) and *Christmas in the Philippines* (Capitol ST 10305). Beginning conventionally enough with "Siku Kuu" ("Holy Night") and the Brahms Lullaby sung by Les Troubadours du Roi Baudoin, it proceeds to other and more distinctively local matter arranged and conducted by Pere Guido Haazen. If it takes a sudden trend to a fast four-four with drums in the background, do not be alarmed. In the Congo, says annotator Fola Soremekun, "Christmas is a holiday and the entire season coincides with some of the indigenous festivals of the people." Indeed, there is so much of this that one wonders how much of it actually has to do with Christmas, European style. (No texts are provided.)

There is much less problem with *Pasko Sa Pilipinas* (Capitol ST 10305), whether or not Tagalog is one of your languages. Each selection is provided with its title, and the character is clearly related to it, whether the title is "Payapang Daigdig ("Peace on Earth"), "Tatlong Hari" ("Three Kings"), "Pasko sa Belen" ("Christmas in Bethlehem"), or simply "Maligayang Pasko, Ninong at Ninang" ("Merry Christmas, Godfather and Godmother"). Prevailingly, the music is more akin to Mexican folk music than anything else that comes to mind, perhaps related to a Spanish influence. All the performers—Nellie Aragon, Jose Arce, Baby Bernardo, Betty Rivera, the Roque Sisters, etc.—are professional entertainers, but the manner is reasonably simple, for all that.

Neither of these, it is clear, equals in interest or charm the production of last year called *A Merry Hawaiian Christmas* (Capitol ST 1781), with its frolicsome version, according to local usage, of "The Twelve Days of Christmas." Or, in another spirit, of the musical quality of the Czech "Pastorellas" in the "Musica Antiqua Bohemica" series (No. 7). Happily, for those who have not come upon them previously, they are as new now as when they were issued—and as warmly recommended.

To them, and to all others, as we say in the Philippines, a "Maligayang Pasko" to you and yours. —I.K.

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THE ARTIST LOOKS AT CHILDREN

By Katharine Kuh

"Girl With a Hoop," by Auguste Renoir—A famous painting, filled with the sunlight and *joie de vivre* that characterize Renoir's work, typifies his enchanting portraits of children, chiefly round-faced, feminine little girls.

CHESTER DALE was a figure repeatedly in the public eye both as a flamboyant personality and as an astute art collector. Specializing in nineteenth- and early twentieth-century paintings and sculpture, he acquired resounding masterpieces along with lesser known but not necessarily lesser works. Mr. Dale, who died a year ago, bequeathed his entire breathtaking collection to the National Gallery in Washington, where it will go on permanent exhibition next year.

From this large collection *Saturday Review* has chosen eight canvases, all representing children and all characteristic of a period (the last half of the nineteenth century) when artists were beginning to turn their backs on classical eloquence in favor of familiar daily themes. Looking sympathetically at their immediate surroundings, their families and friends, painters concerned themselves more with the intimate than the official side of life.

Children are not a new theme in art, but only rarely in the past were they depicted with the spontaneous informality of nineteenth-century painting. We do, of course, recall exceptions like Murillo's beguiling Spanish beggars or the rowdy urchins of certain Dutch Little Masters. Yet, as a rule, earlier paintings of children described them as courtly little figures, dressed to the hilt, posing stiffly as miniature adults.

In the nineteenth century, with the development of a large middle class, children were portrayed as individuals and not merely as generalized types. Now, touching attributes of childhood were allowed free play. The portraits reproduced here are likenesses of eight distinct personalities ranging in age from infancy to late adolescence. They tell us not only about the young sitters themselves, but also about the artists who painted them and the times in which they lived.

Pictures photographed by Ivan Dmitri for a forthcoming book on the Chester Dale Collection by Neil MacNeil.

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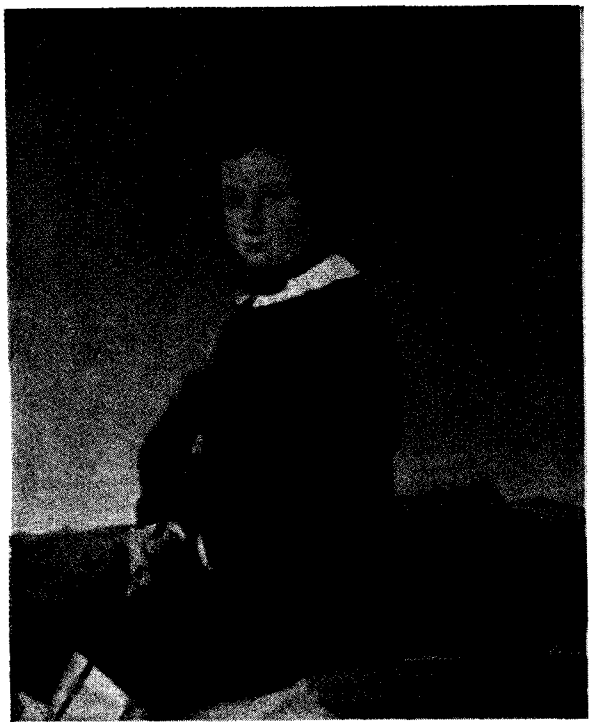
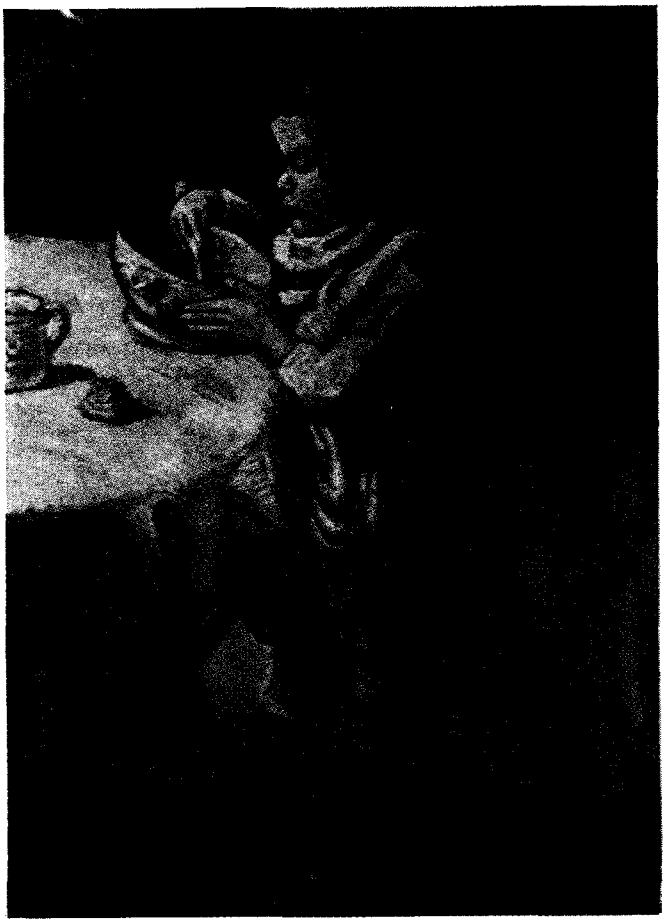
"The Roulin Baby," by Vincent Van Gogh—In Arles, Vincent's closest friends were the postman Roulin and his wife. He painted them both several times and in a letter to his brother, Theo, mentioned plans for doing a portrait of their baby. "Last week I did not only one but two portraits of my postman. . . . The good fellow, as he would not accept money, *cost more* eating and drinking with me. . . . But that is a trifling evil, considering that he posed very well, and that I expect to paint his baby very shortly. . . ." In the same letter he observed that "a child in the cradle, if you watch it at leisure, has the infinite in its eyes." His portrait of the Roulin baby is a chubby, stolid, and wonderfully plastic image. This is no conventional cooing infant; this is a human being with strong personal traits already visible. In 1889, presumably a short time after the baby's birth, Van Gogh painted several versions of Madame Roulin, each entitled "La Berceuse."



"Portrait of a Young Horseman," by Charles David—A little-known painter from Avignon who died there in 1869, Charles David here used strong contours to depict a young boy, poised and direct of gaze. Portraits, landscapes, and miniature paintings occupied David, an artist also reputed to have been a fine amateur musician.



"The Gourmet," by Pablo Picasso—Painted in Paris at the beginning of Picasso's Blue Period, this sculpturesque little figure concentrating on a bowl of food may reflect the artist's own hunger at the time. Though recently the National Gallery of Art in Washington has ascribed the picture to 1903, it is usually dated 1901, a year that found Picasso living in extreme poverty. For a young man of twenty this canvas was no mean achievement, proving again his extraordinary and versatile precocity.

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"Girl in White," by James McNeill Whistler—Whistler painted many girls in white, his most famous "The White Girl" of 1861-62 and "The Little White Girl" of 1864. Later he called these works "Symphonies in White," indicating how much weight he attached to subtle tonal variations. The Dale painting shows a wistful young girl surrounded by dashes of light paint that metamorphose into a hat, coat, and background. The daring composition, Oriental in its emptiness, is enhanced not alone by multiple whites but also by lively textures. It takes a face of more than common interest to hold its own in a sea of white.

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"Boy on Rocks," by Henri Rousseau—The first great modern "primitive" (better described as an untaught artist), Rousseau was particularly fond of children, whom he painted with no trace of coyness or condescension. The little boy sitting on what look like Alpine rocks is dressed in a velvet suit with striped skirt and stockings that add up to an eye-catching design. The child looks out of the picture with assurance, dignity, and bland good will. As usual in Rousseau's portraits, the background is invented. In 1885, about ten years before he painted this picture, the Douanier had given up his job as a customs official to devote himself exclusively to art.

"The Artist's Daughter," by Berthe Morisot—Berthe Morisot, who was married to Eugene Manet, brother of the great artist, painted her daughter, Julie, at many steps in the child's development. Here, already beginning to show signs of growing up, the young girl is seen in a candid, relaxed pose. Her mother, an important member of the impressionist group, early turned to painting. An ardent admirer of Corot, under whom she worked for a time, Morisot later was much influenced by Manet, who painted several charming portraits of her. Her own work, however, was always feminine and far more gentle than his. So, too, her subjects, which were usually women and children painted in buoyant, frothy color. She rarely included men, her husband being the sole exception. In 1895, when Berthe Morisot died, Julie Manet was seventeen. Later she married Ernest Rouart, the son of Henri, Degas's great friend and patron. Now well over eighty, Madame Rouart has a fine collection of works by her mother, her uncle, and other outstanding impressionists including a superb group by Degas.

Cover picture:

"Alsatian Girl," by Jean Jacques Henner—Henner, a nineteenth-century French artist given to sentimental salon scenes and romantic portraits of redheaded women, outdid himself in this unusual early painting of an Alsatian child. Marred by none of his usual affectations, the canvas has a stark restraint and sobriety we sometimes associate with the youthful Degas.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Talks Along the Thames

IN SPITE of the fact that in fundamentals the literature of England and the literature of the United States have grown closer and closer together, in many interesting and more or less important ways the British are still the British. Take John Wain, for instance. Born in 1925, he has published six novels, two collections of poetry, two collections of essays, and an autobiographical volume. Some American writers do spread themselves, of course, but I can't think of an American writer under forty who has been so unabashedly versatile.

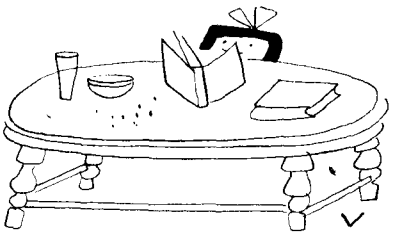
Wain also seems to me characteristically British, though this could be argued, in his feeling that he is almost omnicompetent. In his second volume of pieces, *Essays on Literature and Ideas* (St. Martin's Press, $5.75), he has no hesitation in talking about Shakespeare, Pope, and Byron as well as Edmund Wilson, R. P. Blackmur, and, most astonishing of all, George Ade. The volume also includes a long general essay on forms in contemporary literature, a discussion of the aims of education, and an account of a visit to India. On all these topics, moreover, Wain has something interesting to say, even though one may have reservations about this point or that.

Two essays on George Orwell illustrate the vigorous way in which he attacks whatever problem he sets himself. He opens with the assertion that Orwell is essentially a polemicist, and continues:

> If we consider Orwell as a writer of polemic, then, it will at least help to guide us past the initial paradox—the fact that his work, with so many and such crippling faults, contrives to be so valuable and interesting. He was a novelist who never wrote a satisfactory novel, a literary critic who never bothered to learn his trade properly, a social historian whose history was full of gaps. Yet he matters. For *as polemic his work is never anything less than magnificent*; and the virtues which the polemic kind demands—urgency, incisiveness, clarity and humor—he possessed in exactly the right combination.

Wain defends and develops this thesis with considerable resourcefulness, defining rather better than anyone else what it was that Orwell was against and what he was for. In particular he emphasizes the fact that Orwell, like another socialist, William Morris, found many of his values in the past, and supports his assertion by analyzing *Coming Up for Air*, which he calls "Orwell's central book." Orwell's reputation has been fluctuating since his death in 1950; Wain states with considerable force the case for his enduring importance.

One of the other essays that interest me—and most of them do—is "The Conflict of Forms in Contemporary English Literature," which runs to more than fifty pages. Wain begins by arguing—and proving, I think—that the theatre has at last got away from realism, which had better be left to the movies and television, and has "got back to its own roots in participation and ritual." The situation of poetry he finds more complicated, but he does think that, as it becomes more and more common for poets to read their poetry aloud, and as it becomes more and more common for people to listen to them, in person or on records, poetry is being written, as it should be, for the ear and not for the eye. As for the novel, he isn't sure. He believes that the novel, though far from dead, is declining in relative importance and that there is no longer a central concept of the novel but a great diversity of both traditional and experimental fiction. Behind all these literary changes he sees changes in technology and in general in our way of life.



It is this sense of cultural change that unifies the essays. Wain was once counted as one of the Angry Young Men, a phrase he detests as a journalistic concoction. There is a salutary anger in this book, but its principal quality is its strenuous effort to understand the nature of the present crisis. Wain dislikes many aspects of the society that the technological revolution has brought into existence, but he wants above all else to see it clearly.

Angus Wilson's *The Wild Garden*

39 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Essays on Literature and Ideas," by John Wain, and "The Wild Garden," by Angus Wilson
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(University of California Press, $3.75), based on lectures given at U.C. in Los Angeles, is more limited in scope than Wain's collection. In fact, Wilson addresses himself to a single idea, the thesis of the "pure" critics that knowledge of an author's life is irrelevant to the understanding and appreciation of his work. Taking himself as a guinea pig, Wilson has examined the relationship between *his* life and *his* work.

The results are noteworthy because of Wilson's candor and the subtlety of his self-analysis. He discusses frankly the elements in his experience of which he has made conscious use, telling us, for instance, that his most autobiographical character is the heroine of *The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot* (*SR*, Mar. 21, 1959.)

But he goes far beyond this, searching for autobiographical materials that made their way into his stories and novels without his being aware of the process. Thus the first story he wrote, "Raspberry Jam," turns out to have quite a different significance, and to make quite a different sort of revelation, from what he supposed when he wrote it.

THE process of analysis leads him to the discovery of two persisting themes: "the wild garden" and "the clearing (or garden) in the wild." These themes he relates to experiences about which his mother and father had told him as well as to experiences of his own, and he traces their development in his work. He is particularly interesting on the part played by these themes in *The Old Men at the Zoo*, and he clarifies much that was puzzling to me when I reviewed the book (*SR*, Oct. 21, 1961).

In general Wilson proves his point: the relationship between his life and his work is clear and important, although it is true that the experiences that have had the largest influence are of a private sort and would not be likely to be known to any critic but a self-critic. The argument in itself, however, does not really matter, for it has served as an excuse for a penetrating analysis of the creative process.

On the surface Wilson seems even more fundamentally British than Wain, if only by reason of his upbringing. His father "had inherited in his youth enough money to live without working, although hardly enough to support so large a family," and he lived a kind of life that is scarcely imaginable in the United States. Wilson is enormously sensitive to class distinctions and acutely aware of the effect on him of his family's social status. But this awareness frees him from any taint of insularity and gives a large significance to his writings. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

THE REAL THING

On Unperfect Actors

WHEN the half-gods go, we are told, the gods arrive—and then, dreadful sorry, Clementine. Some such ironical regret is all we can spare the second-rate. How is it with us in the arts, where the memory, or rather the living presence, of masterpieces is always about us, the gods always present, landmarks or seamarks whenever we choose to look up? In the arts, the second-rate are born to be rebuked, though they and their audience may for some time be happily unaware of it. Nothing will do at last but perfection. That "unbought grace of life" which in another connection and with ill success the New Conservatives have tried to appropriate from Edmund Burke and engross to themselves in this iron age, that unconscious nobility of purpose and conscious mastery of means, is what art is all about. Failures in art excite the same contempt as moral failings, which at bottom is what they are. And stand rebuked whenever we choose to look up. Then,

> Till I kissed her little sister,
> How I missed my Clementine!

Nowhere is failure more gross or more poignant than in the performing arts. The actor does his work in an atmosphere of crisis. He needs the nerves of a hero, and such purity of intent that the presence of the audience and his own pride and shame at standing before them are subdued to his purpose and turned to another kind of energy, the energy of art. All the time he is on stage, his calling is to do only the exactly right thing. The distractions, provocations, solicitings that the business of the play presents him with at every instant have all to be met, lived up to or lived down. "If I could live at the pitch that is near madness," says the poet, in the conditional; the actor lives so every moment of his stage life, in the indicative—if he lives at all. And since the actor professes to be a hero, an athlete with a mind, a man body and soul under absolute command, for whom readiness is all, how we hate him when he fails of his profession. The scene demands a hero, and he gives us Lord Jim. Man overboard, away the boat, the boys have tumbled into their places and seized the oars—all but Jim. There he is on the embarkation deck, too sensitive, too imaginative; in any case too slow. And the occasion is past. Better luck next time, says the officer. Better luck, hell. Lear's monstrous rebuke is the only one that fits our mood. Better thou hadst not been born than not to have pleased us better.

Later, when our need is past, we can feel sorry for him, as we do for anyone whose courage is not up to his fate. Think of the predicament of the actor in the classic theatre, measuring himself night after night against a masterpiece. If he is a Shakespearean actor, and a man of sense, he must know that compared to his author he is a pygmy, as insignificant in the history of the play as Hillary crawling in the vast Himalayas. If he knows it, his artistic life is an honorable martyrdom, all selflessness and abnegation, with none of the businessman's or politician's cheerful ignorance about the state of his own soul. But how often does he know it? How often, rather, do we see the actor comport himself for three hours like a brutal, benighted, and besotted beast, and then come forward to his curtain call in the comfortable assurance of a job well botched? To be an actor and have artistic standards, one would first have to be a man and have human ones. Where is the actor to learn manhood nowadays? Whom shall he take for his pattern?

He is in a fix, all right, like the rest of us. It shows in the technical details of his performance, in his frequent inability, for example, to speak verse decently. Every actor knows by heart Hamlet's directions to the players: "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. . . . Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus. . . ." But the actor has no faith in words—this is, after all, the age of the illustrated magazine, the comic strip, the motion picture, and television. He has no faith in words, and no modesty about the value of his own contribution, so that in speaking a great poet's verse he refuses to let the words do their proper work. Instead, he underlines, and winks, and smirks, and nudges the audience, as if he wanted to remind them of the unfortunate connection between the stage and the brothel. Do you remember that televised political convention opened by the Boy Orator of the Snake River, who, when he spoke of something low, bent at the knees, and when he mentioned

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something high, reached for the welkin? One expects that sort of thing in a politician, but an artist should be above it. The best course is to do as the French classic actors in speaking verse: with a weaker language and worse poets than ours, they have the modesty, in principle, to stand up straight, with their hands at their sides, open their mouths, and listen closely to the words.

Does it sound easy? It takes a lifetime of effort, saving genius, to compass such simplicity. The performance I saw of *Brecht on Brecht* showed that the frolicsome American puppies and the old European stagers alike conceived English verse and heightened English prose to be a springboard for self-gratulatory airs and graces. With two exceptions: Lotte Lenya, trained in Brecht's demanding school, and Viveca Lindfors, before whose beauty and noble dignity criticism were *lèse majesté*. The difference is always character.

The pitiful ambition of actors to improve on poetry by delivering it "with expression" extends, of course, to directors. They countenance the mugging, and what is more, they cut. Shakespeare doesn't fit the budget; he must be trimmed. Where? Anywhere. The current Stratford production of King Lear, in the interests of economy, has altered Regan's dying threat to her sister. Shakespeare wrote: "Lady, I am not well; else I should answer from a full-flowing stomach." The Stratford version is, "else I should answer you." Why? Thrift, thrift, Horatio. Also, the audience will never understand that stomach is Elizabethan for guts, the seat of courage. Change the line, so as not to lose the audience. It is better to lose the irony that Regan's stomach is at that moment full of poison. Does this systematic underestimation of audiences pay off? Certainly. Remember how Mary McCarthy thanked Laurence Olivier for his dreadful film version of Hamlet, because he had made it intelligible for us groundlings? Then what price character?

All this malfeasance on the part of theatre people is very sad, but it is sadder when literary men do the same kind of thing. They do not have the excuse of having to carry on their work in a crowd. Here is *The Domesday Dictionary*, written by Donald M. Kaplan and Armand Schwerner, edited by Louise J. Kaplan. (Simon & Schuster, $5.95) —"Being an inventory of the artifacts and conceits of a new civilization." Or rather, a picture of the threatened end of the human adventure, as expressed in war science, war budgets, and the social cancer represented by modern government. An appalling and valuable book—so much so that the reviewer in the New York *Times* who complained that the authors scant the positive contributions of science, etc., stands revealed as one more soul who managed to slip by the fool-killer. As well arraign Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* for its insufficient stress on the beauty of gazelles. Here, then, is *The Domesday Dictionary*, with entries arranged alphabetically, and cross-referenced to good effect like its ancestor in social criticism, Diderot's and D'Alembert's *Encyclopèdie*. Of it, Mr. W. S. Merwin says, "As impressive as anything in the book is the actual writing. . . ."

Oh, say not so. The actual writing is frequently an embarrassment. Heavily ironic, gnomically allusive, it *indicates*, as the actors have it. Now, Mr. Merwin is an excellent poet who also writes splendid prose. There are his pieces in the *Nation* to witness if I lie, especially his report of the Aldermaston March, his essay on Jules Roy, and his account of the voyage of *The Golden Rule*. But he is wrong about the style of *The Domesday Dictionary*.

Action. When the form and effect of a pursuit could not have been predicted from the variables of its context, the pursuit is said to have been an *action*. In this, actions differ from *behavior*. Behavior is consistent with the variables of its context and is more or less predictable; it can be studied and controlled; it can be reproduced in machines; it supplies constancy to the environment. Actions connote deeds; they produce innovation, and, in concert, revolution. That actions vanish under observation—they are total victims of the reflexive phenomenon—is one reason why innovation becomes habit, and revolutions are lost.

Somewhere in this charnel house of subtly wrong usages and inflated intentions, capped with an O. Henry ending, lies the corpse of a genuine idea. Find the corpse.

Dachau. A town in upper Bavaria, Germany, 8 miles northwest of Munich on the railway from Munich to Ingolstadt. Population (1939) 17,594. It has extensive fortifications, a castle and a museum of antiquities, and makes paper, sawmill machinery and beer. It formerly had a colony of artists.

The authors have invented a new crime, cuteness by omission. Cuteness about Dachau.

That is the adolescent male ego in action (*q.v.*), marking a literary point with Dachau. I absolve Mrs. Kaplan, the editor, of complicity in this piece of brashness; it is not a woman's failing. What it amounts to in the end is a mighty talking down to one's audience, saying, against the advice of Scripture, "Thou fool" to your brother. In a fury of self-abasement, seeking an image for all that is clumsy and infelicitous, Shakespeare exclaims, "As an unperfect actor on the stage." That is the image that comes to mind when Mr. Kaplan and Mr. Schwerner compromise their undertaking by their self-indulgence. And why should so venial a sin look so black in this case? Because in talking about the end of the world, they elect to take the slave's revenge—irony. That means that they have resigned themselves; and in this case resignation is betrayal.

—Emile Capouya.

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Voices Out of a Wilderness of Hate

When the Word Is Given . . . A Report on Elijah Muhammad, Malcolm X, and the Black Muslim World, *by Louis E. Lomax (World. 224 pp. $3.95),* ***Mr. Lincoln and the Negroes: The Long Road to Equality,*** *by William O. Douglas (Atheneum. 237 pp. $4.95), and* ***The Negro Protest:*** *James Baldwin, Malcolm X, and Martin Luther King talk with Kenneth B. Clark (Beacon. 56 pp. $2.50), reveal a variety of approaches to what is still, after 100 years, America's most urgent internal problem. The late Father John LaFarge, S.J., associate editor of America, was the author of numerous books and articles on the moral aspects of the race question in the U.S. He completed the following essay shortly before his sudden death on November 24.*

By JOHN LaFARGE

EACH of these eloquent writers testifies, in his own way, to the painful fact that 100 years after Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation the situation of the Negro in this land of hope, democracy, and liberty is still in a good deal of a mess. It is in so much of a mess, in fact, that it takes an adventurous spirit like John Howard Griffin, the white man who disguised himself as a Negro for a time, to give other white men something of the idea of what it feels like to be a Negro in the U.S.A.

Once this profoundly upsetting knowledge has been conveyed, there comes the question: Where do we go from here? For we are not sufficiently far gone to accept the notion that there is not, and cannot be, any way out.

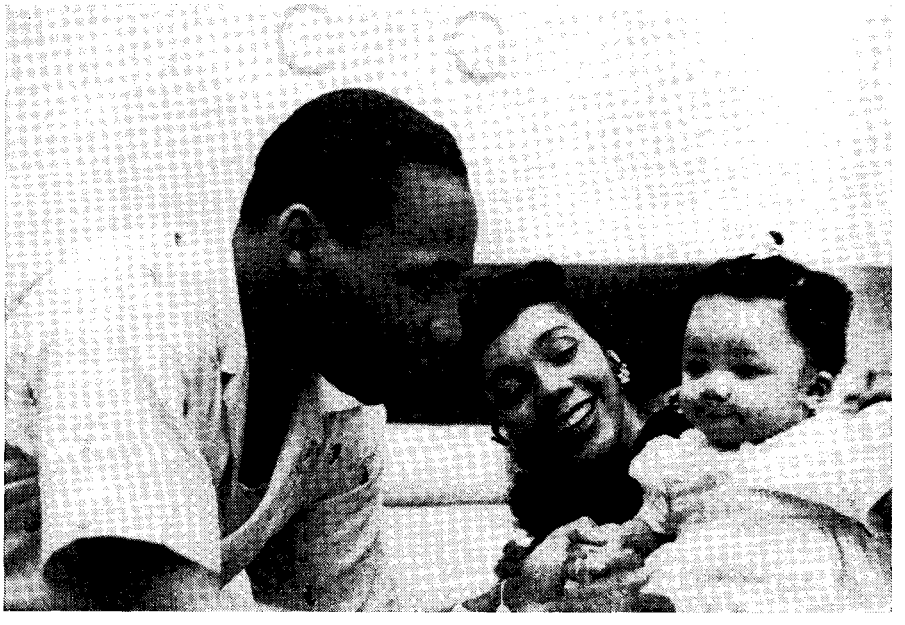
To put it more concretely, the question is: Where, in all this confusion, is the source of power that can be relied upon to do the work? For without power of some sort—moral, political, economic—complaining is but a mockery. The several authors do not stress this question of power as such, but it looms large when you start to take their reproaches seriously. And it is implicit, it seems to me, in the sharp questioning placed to each of them by their keen-witted friend and associate Louis Lomax.

Without attempting to commit to a theory such a vigorously uncommitted personality as James Baldwin, I would guess that for him the locus of power is found in the effect upon intelligent people's minds of remorseless exposure of hypocrisy—in our mores, in our assumptions. Underlying his penetrating analysis is the serious belief that, after all, contemporary man despises hypocrisy, and will react against it violently once it is ruthlessly exposed.

By contrast, Malcolm X summons to his aid the searing power of hate, focusing his enmity on an identifiable object: "the man"—the white man, with all his works. Since nobody, no matter how burning his crusading spirit, can subsist by hate alone, Malcolm's warfare against "the man" is tempered with a just appeal to the Negro people's love of morality, order, and public and private decency. The desire to be good, in the way that God, under whatever name, has shown us how to be good, is more appealing than resentment. Father Divine had long since built his fairly large and comfortable structure upon this same foundation, and to some extent it still operates.

Mr. Lomax predicts that the Black

—*Photos from Pix*



(Above) Martin Luther King and family; (top right) Malcolm X; (lower right) James Baldwin—"Where do we go from here?"

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Muslims, if they are to survive, will have to come to terms with political realities. They will "erect a policy of *active wait-and-see*"; they will not join picket lines and participate in demonstrations, but they will take a more active part in general community life. They will support candidates who are "willing to speak out," an "act that is so dear to the heart of Muslims." They will improve their image, and cease "attacks on men like Martin Luther King and Roy Wilkins."

Mr. Lomax also indicates the curious perplexity created for the Black Muslims by the emergence of young Akbar, talented son of their ostensible prophet and leader, Elijah Muhammad. Akbar proposes a "new teaching," one that calls for unity among Negroes, so that "Negro leaders must now stop calling one another names."

"As a non-Muslim," says Lomax, "I have much the same reservation about the new policy as I had about the old. I don't share their total pessimism on how the Negro Revolt will end. I can foresee a situation in which the white power structure fails to yield and Negroes start trouble." But "even widespread rioting would not necessarily mean the triumph of the Black Muslims."

In this reviewer's opinion it would be a fatal mistake merely to dismiss the Black Muslim movement as a clever appeal to an attractive mirage. The mirage-like quality is evident; and sooner or later Elijah Muhammad and Malcolm X will have to come to terms with human facts. But the reality of their protest is also evident, as is the driving power of their appeal to moral force and racial unity. Such a collective demonstration is needed in order to prove to the white world the impasse into which uncompromising white racism is leading us.

Martin Luther King, on the other hand, relies on very different sources of power: those of love of hope. Says Baldwin:

> Poor Martin has gone through God know what kind of hell to awaken the American conscience, but Martin has reached the end of his rope. There are some things Martin can't do: Martin's only one man. Martin can't solve the nation's central problem by himself.

I agree that there some things Dr. King cannot accomplish by himself, even with all his self-sacrifice, personality, and zeal. I expect nobody would more readily acknowledge this than Dr. King himself. But it would be equally unrealistic to imagine that he has reached the limit of his potentiality. The proof of this, if any were needed, came when he spoke to the more than 200,000 people who hung on his words at the historic August 28 March on Washington, when he voiced his "dream" of an America that would somehow find itself, despite the grim reality described by Kenneth Clark. The power of Christian love and Christian fellowship is always at a disadvantage. It has been distorted, caricatured, and defeated innumerable times in human history. Christian love is empty and powerless if it is deprived of the weapons of knowledge and allowed to build on mere glad-handed sentiment. It is incessantly exploited and counterfeited. Yet it wields a power not of this earth alone, and Dr. King's bitterest enemies, no matter how they may try to confuse the issue, create their own defeat by their very violence. The more astute and vehement the racist governor or congressman, the deeper he plunges himself and his blind followers into a situation that one day will bring contempt upon their heads.

Dr. King spoke his memorable words from the porch of the Lincoln Memorial. Implicit in the minds of all on that historic occasion was the question of Lincoln himself, as we now celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863. Lincoln's image in stone is inscrutable, but what was he in reality? For Lincoln does not emerge from history as a stainless, shining warrior for Negro rights. As Justice William O. Douglas so plainly says in *Mr. Lincoln and the Negroes*:

> In the Great Debate of 1858, Lincoln himself denied the existence of any claim on his part to social equality of the Negro. . . . He envisaged the Negro's political rights as the product of gradualness. . . . He was a politician and statesman—a man who, while adhering to principle, moderated his pace or hurried it as public opinion kept up with him. His role was to inform the public, educate them, lead them. His task was to marshal the men and women of good will everywhere behind the maintenance of one United States of America. In the beginning his strategy was to preserve the Union and to move either slowly or fast to that goal, depending on what was practical. Later his strategy was to rid the nation of slavery.

On this understanding, Justice Douglas marks, chapter by chapter, the various stages on the long road to equality. As he does this his narrative leads up the historic Supreme Court Decision of 1954, and he briefly reviews the facts about fundamental racial equality.

The second half of the book is documentary: Lincoln's Second Inaugural (March 4, 1865); the text of historic decisions. The description of the Hayes-Tilden Presidential campaign does not accord with the story as recounted by such historians as John Hope Franklin and T. Vann Woodward, and has been criticized on that ground.

Your Literary I. Q.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

Conducted by John T. Winterich

Each of the titles (novels and plays) in Column One contains the name of some portion of a twenty-four-hour day. Margaret E. Durham of Bloomington, Indiana, asks you to assign the correct title to the correct author. Answers on page 51.

1. *Workers in the Dawn*	( )	Saul Bellow
2. *Sunrise at Campobello*	( )	Graham Greene
3. *The Morning Watch*	( )	Lewis Gibbon
4. *Noon Wine*	( )	Arch Oboler
5. *One Sunday Afternoon*	( )	Christopher Isherwood
6. *Seize the Day*	( )	Dore Schary
7. *The World in the Evening*	( )	Arthur Koestler
8. *Sunset Song*	( )	MacKinlay Kantor
9. *Twilight Bar*	( )	James Agee
10. *Rumour at Nightfall*	( )	James Hagan
11. *Night of the Auk*	( )	George Gissing
12. *Midnight Lace*	( )	Katherine Anne Porter

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Art and the Ready-Made Artists

The Great Collectors, *by Pierre Cabanne (Farrar, Straus. 305 pp. $5.50), and* ***Great Private Collections,*** *edited by Douglas Cooper (Macmillan. 303 pp. $25), take a look at some famous accumulations of works of art, past and present, and their sometimes esthetically, sometimes economically motivated owners. Katharine Kuh is SR's art editor.*

By KATHARINE KUH

TWO NEW books, extolling art collectors and capitalizing on the current interest in fabulous art values, differ drastically in appearance, price, emphasis, and accuracy, but otherwise are curiously similar. *The Great Collectors*, by the French critic Pierre Cabanne, and *Great Private Collections*, edited by Douglas Cooper, accomplished art historian and no mean collector himself, are both disjointed potpourris of relatively superficial value.

Though the first volume discusses several famous early collectors, it focuses chiefly on modern times. Each chapter takes up a different personality, ranging from Catherine the Great of Russia (who for my money was the most insatiable collector in history) to that debonair and engaging contemporary patron Peggy Guggenheim. By and large, these twelve accounts are little more than brief biographical résumés, with occasional stale art opinions and bits of personal gossip interspersed.

Deplorable are the number of misspelled names and incorrect statements. For any critic to describe Mark Rothko as an avant-garde Russian painter, Alan Davie as an American and Ibram Lassaw as a modern Egyptian sculptor is almost unbelievable, regardless of where these artists may have been born. To call Abstract Expressionism "Abstract Impressionism" indicates a total misunderstanding of the movement. Also puzzling is Cabanne's idealization of the fabulously successful Swiss arms manufacturer, Emil-Georg Bührle, who emerges as a virtual saint. And the following statement about Georges Wildenstein's relationship to eighteenth-century painting seems extreme, to say the least: "A word from Georges was enough to give the picture, in a matter of seconds, a certificate that would either launch it on the world market, or else throw it back onto the rubbish heap from which it should never have been taken." Mr. Wildenstein, who died only a few months ago was surely not the only infallible expert. In recent years numerous authorities on the eighteenth century might have reduced or expanded that "rubbish heap."

Douglas Cooper's book is far handsomer, with its numerous excellent reproductions in color and black-and-white; it is also more sophisticated, accurate, and costly. However, it is no less fragmentary. This volume, covering twenty-six collections, stresses the works of art rather than the idiosyncrasies of the owners. Each collection is described by a critic or curator well acquainted with the material. Yet these little essays, often featuring single-sentence evaluations of masterpieces, seem better adapted to popular magazine articles than to chapters in an integrated book. Well-designed and representing a variety of specialized collections, including paintings, drawings, rare books, furniture, and silver, the volume becomes just another excuse for an expensive, illustrated Christmas gift that eventually will accumulate dust on the coffee table.

Due to spotty coverage, the book is useless as a reference work. Indeed, each writer sadly echoes the colleague who explains how "impossible it is to do justice, in an article of this length, to a collection so full of treasures." Moreover, because private collections are dispersed rapidly these days, they often disappear overnight in the auction room, or lose their identity when divided among a number of museums. As a result, books about present-day collections have little more than transitory interest unless they serve as reliable reference catalogues or as serious studies.

WHAT one misses in both volumes is any analysis, any comparative scale of esthetic values, any serious psychological probings. With the exception of a beautifully written introduction by Sir Kenneth Clark to the Cooper book, there is little or no provocative exploration—just routine and, as a rule, generalized observations.

Sir Kenneth, however, succinctly catalogues the stimuli that can turn buyers into collectors. He goes beyond merely assessing objectives and preparation; he includes those many irresistible urges that finally form taste and mold needs. Sir Kenneth approaches the art of collecting (and, of course, at best it is an art) with introspective curiosity, evaluating critically the relationship of owner and object, an interreaction that sometimes germinates new and purer perceptions, sometimes only greed.

One regrets that he did not write the entire book. Instead of listing important works with a few relevant words, instead of pinpointing collectors with the inevitable admiring phrases, he might have channeled the discussion toward some fruitful conclusions. For authentic collecting goes beyond all the usual explanations. It results from more than a drive for possession, prestige, or power; it results from more than perceptive taste and refined knowledge; it results from passionate and often irrational love. As Marcel Duchamp once said, "The collector is really a 'ready-made' artist."

The Jackass as Hero

By Samuel Hazo

THESIS: asses are asses, but this one ass
had *God's determinations in his bones.**
Sad as a calf, he hauled his summerweight
of water up the cactus hills, was prone
to balk when pulled, beguiled or otherwise
coerced to walk in ways he would not go
and died when spavin calcified his spine.

His nostrils quartered carnivals of flies.
Tarantulas walked his ribs as rival claws
and hookbeaks picked and tore the carcass clean,
leaving at last and luckily the jaw
for Samson to select (as planned?) and club
his way to glory through a thousand men.

*See *Judges* for details. Italics mine.

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FICTION

The Timely Turn of the Screw

***Seven Japanese Tales,** by Junichiro Tanizaki, translated by Howard Hibbett (Knopf. 298 pp. $5), are examples of the Japanese art of compressing an entire landscape into a miniature. Robert Payne's many books on the Far East include "The Barbarian and The Geisha."*

By ROBERT PAYNE

THERE can be few living writers with the range and subtlety of Junichiro Tanizaki. He writes angelically and with a deceptive fluency, for the effects he achieves are the uncommon ones that can be brought about only by tireless experiment. He will describe a whole life in fifty pages, and in five pages he will tell a hair-raising tragedy; he is essentially an artist in miniatures, but in the sense that a Japanese scroll depicting an entire countryside is a miniature. We expect delicacy and refinement from Japanese storytellers. Tanizaki elevates delicacy and refinement, usually associated with the lesser arts, to heroic proportions. Lady Murasaki could do it. Tanizaki, who translated *The Tale of Genji* into modern Japanese, has evidently absorbed a portion of her genius.

Take, for example, "A Portrait of Shunkin," the first of the stories, written at widely different times, collected in this short anthology of his work. It purports to be a portrait of a gifted musician, the daughter of an Osaka drug merchant, based upon a fragmentary biography and the memories of people who knew her. At intervals Tanizaki quotes from the biography and comments upon it, sometimes examining it passage by passage, holding a single sentence up to the light and shaking out of it some unexpected facet of her career. She went blind, became selfish and grasping, and dominated her servant Sasuke, who was also her lover, until he blinded himself, partly in sympathy for his mistress and partly because a thief had poured scalding water on her face and she did not want him to see her. Neither of these characters is particularly sympathetic: both are the slaves of their passions, and they live in the enclosed world of their greed. Yet Tanizaki can pull you down into the page and make you live their lives until you can almost cry out for mercy. He never falters. At every moment he has exactly the right turn of the screw. It is an art comparable to that of Flaubert's short stories, and there can be no higher praise.

There is the story of a young student who is a habitual thief. He too, is an unsympathetic, ineffective, and unscrupulous character, with nothing to commend him except the depth of his humanity.

"The Tattooer" is a famous story which has become an anthology piece. The subject is an intolerably offensive one, but by the sheer magic of his craft Tanizaki makes it endurable and even oddly beautiful. A sadistic tattoo artist is obsessed with the desire to tattoo an enormous spider on the back of a supremely beautiful young woman. He finds the woman, puts her to sleep with chloroform, and while tattooing the spider on her he relishes the thought of the pain she will suffer. Finally, when she has bathed and the dyes are embedded in her flesh, she comes to him, triumphant and suffering no pain. "Just then her resplendently tattooed back caught a ray of sunlight and the spider was wreathed in flames."

So the story ends, and we are aware that he is telling us some fairy tale and that there must be a moral somewhere, but what the moral is is beyond all knowing. Tanizaki has the strange gift of making you believe anything he tells you, however recondite or remote from ordinary preoccupations. It is the same in the other stories—"The Bridge of Dreams," a story of erotic confusions, and "A Blind Man's Tale," set in the feudal age, which recounts the stratagems and love affairs of heroes. Only "Terror," a story about a man who is driven to the edge of madness whenever he enters a moving vehicle, is a failure, perhaps because similar stories have been told so often and because there is an element of self-pity.

The blind musician Shunkin had a pet nightingale called Tenko, which means "the drum of Heaven." "This nightingale," says Tanizaki, "had a voice of steady and sustained power, as well as great charm and sweetness." One can say the same of Tanizaki himself.

Autumn Leaves Little Hope

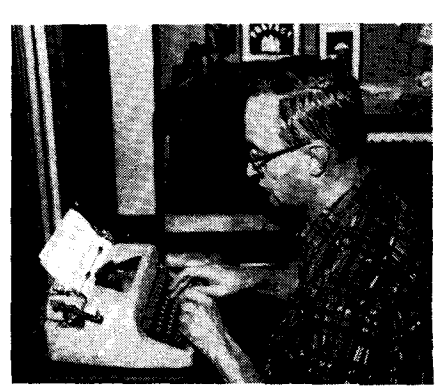
***A Day in Late September,** by Merle Miller (Sloane. 343 pp. $4.50), rues the limitations of love and the terrible truth of cliches. Maggie Rennert is an editor and critic whose poems have appeared in SR.*

By MAGGIE RENNERT

FEW OF the active, successful, and destructive people we meet during this "day in late September" can look forward to a truly merry Christmas. But those who can manage some small faith, a modicum of courage, a paring of charity may be sustained through the dark of their year. And perhaps, Merle Miller suggests, even into a green spring.

Chief among those who may make it is Mac, a fortyish writer and survivor of many anguishes, now returned from self-imposed exile to reclaim his adolescent son. The boy's mother and her second husband move in their lethal rhythms, as do Everard Carver III, friend of any voter; his rich wife, Janice, friend of nothing; and Gordon Shepley, one-book poet turned professional titillater of *Kultur Klattsches.*

If Merle Miller's knack for the quick, and quicklime, sketch is still unimpaired, so too is his gift for evoking our pity—sometimes slowed by revulsion, but real as a pulsebeat—for the "stranger and afraid." In showing us Phoebe, with whom Mac hopes to begin a new life, Mr. Miller tops his admirable performance in his last novel, with greater economy and without the advantages of autobiography. As he did with Joshua



Merle Miller—knack for quicklime sketch.

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Bland in *A Gay and Melancholy Sound,* Miller wears Phoebe's skin, looks out of her eyes, and speaks with her voice.

The author is profligate with his gifts; he tosses over his shoulder half a dozen vignettes each of which, properly force-fed, could have become one of the niggardly little stories on which some reputations are built. Indeed, the compassionate portrait of Dr. Clay Sorenson and his wife, Ida, could have supported another full-length novel. But, when it comes to the nondespairing characters who embody the solid virtues, Mr. Miller has no such abundance. Abel Sorenson, the aged revolutionary who bespeaks commitment and courage and faith, represents a good try but doesn't quite come off. And Mrs. Sandwich, the only woman in the book whose life is not a total waste, is also unbelievable. The author seems unaware that a good woman can be cranky, preoccupied, discouraged, or funny.

Although Miller writes with the passion of a convert, of the limitations of love and the terrible truth of clichés, his novel is marred by compromise and haste. The conclusion is contrived and the penultimate scene, while fashionably surrealist, is wildly out of key with the painstaking exactitudes that have preceded it. Mr. Miller should have chosen to try a little harder a little longer.

Always Enter Laughing

***Far From the City of Class,** by Bruce Jay Friedman (Frommer-Pasmantier-Pocket Books. 217 pp. $4.50), a short story collection by the author of "Stern," vary from parables of logical inversion to science fiction to not-quite-deadpan reportage. Riley Hughes is associate professor of English at Georgetown University.*

By RILEY HUGHES

WITH whoops of scornful laughter Bruce Jay Friedman seizes again and again upon the inanities and irritants in our anxieties and pretentions and applies to them the blasting therapy of logic. Just how "permissive," one may have wondered, must the psychiatrist be with his patient, and how sacred is the professional contract that binds the two? In "Mr. Prinzo's Breakthrough" we have one answer; Mr. Prinzo tests codes and assumptions by murdering his analyst's wife. From the context one recognizes as a cry from the heart the doctor's plaintive reaction, "When I met her she was a *Redbook* reader and do you know that recently I was unable to get my *Virginia Quarterly* away from her?" Does a clean-cut, all-American boy (good at every sport but tennis, which is less all-American anyway) pass all the clean-cut tests? He need only be neurotically, blabbingly ashamed of an elderly relative to earn the author's exact, scornful epithet, "The Subversive."

Alibis crash sickeningly to the ground whenever Mr. Friedman examines them. Mr. Kessler persuades himself, and half persuades Mrs. Kessler, that he should be at a health gym and not the synagogue on the eve of Yom Kipper. "It's in one of the psalms," he assures her. That is enough to set off, in a yarn of the maddest abandon craftily entitled "When You're Excused You're Excused," a series of surrenders by Mr. Kessler—to the advances of a blonde receptionist, to ham hocks, to marijuana, and to complicity in murder, for after all he is "excused." Excuses for suicide from a high ledge—and, as well, for not committing it—are brushed aside, along with the traditional accompanying heroics, in "23 Pat O'Brien Movies." Plainly, Mr. Friedman is an uncomfortable fellow to have at one's elbow.

Not all of the sixteen stories in *Far From the City of Class* are parables of logical inversion; some are science fiction (sexual fantasy subdivision), and some are sober—but not quite deadpan —reportage. In the latter category is the title story, a restrained enough account of a week end two New York City boys, in exile at a Midwestern college, spend at "Hicksville, U.S.A." hustling groceries and later interviewing a hustler doing her stripper's act for what she assumes are Broadway producer types. The other college story, "The Trip," chronicles the embarrassments of an entering freshman showing up for registration with a veiled, dyed-blonde mother, self-described as "a fast thirty years older than he is." This one ought to put a quick stop to Momism, wherever it might still be flourishing. The same indomitable female, by the way, shows up in Mr. Friedman's zanily satiric novel, *Stern,* as homey as a shot glass. Under another name she would probably be good for a few more stories. Or a novel maybe, Mr. Friedman?

Guilt by Association: In *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding,* Robert Gover allowed an insufferably pompous college boy and a teen-age Negro prostitute tell, by means of alternating chapters, their versions of a week end together. Juxtaposition of the two viewpoints, upon everything from sex to the Cold War, resulted in memorable comedy. Gover made the most of every irony, faultlessly captured the speech patterns of his furtive frat-house Babbitt and *café au lait* Lolita. The book worked because it followed the simplest possible scheme: that of putting two believable characters into a situation and turning the proceedings over to them, without obvious instruction on the author's part.

In *The Maniac Responsible* (Grove, $4.50) Gover stands up several cardboard figures and prods them into a classic murder-mystery plot—then abruptly abandons this form and empties a grab bag of personal patter and self-conscious fictional gimmickry. The idea, it seems, is to turn a suburban rape-slaying into a grand parable on the "American sex guilt." The hero is a young reporter named Dean, who covers the killing and serves its sordid details to the public. When he isn't on the beat, he is trying to seduce Rita, a "lowbrow hi-fi buff" who lives in the next apartment; his obsession with "Sweet Reet" and her undulating anatomy somehow fuses with his erotic memory of the beautiful murder victim. Dean "confesses" to the crime and goes meekly off to the psychiatrist, yammering "I didn't do it but I'm guilty. We're all guilty."

THE idea, as handled, is thin and contrived, and it leads to a lot of trivial verbiage, much of it in playscript form, between various alter egos labeled Dean, Dean Dean, Mean Dean, Mean Dean Dean, and Morbid Interest—with an occasional word from a beat poet and a fey, philosophic hermit the reporter has met in the mountains. One soon gets lost in this fantasia. Patience finally fails when Gover, on page 180, has the printer set a diatribe on Unhinged Desire in an inverted typographical pyramid. The speech renders down, at the bottom of the page, into the lonely pronoun "I." We might have caught the point without a picture.

The early pages contain some lively spoofing. And the build-up to the seduction is delectable. Should a big-time hero come on like a swaggering cat, or "nicely nicely villainous with due regard for the avoidance of unorthodoxish mannerisms"? If Gover had stuck to this zany pace, he might have had another comic success. But he seems to want us to believe there's a moral and psychological parallel between a youthful sofa frolic and a hatchet murder. It's impossible to take this ponderous message seriously. —WALT MCCASLIN.

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Odyssey of an Obsolete Hero

The Prophet Outcast: Trotsky, 1929-1940, *by Isaac Deutscher (Oxford University Press. 543 pp. $9.50), and* ***The Basic Writings of Trotsky,*** *edited by Irving Howe (Random House. 427 pp. $5.95), recall the meteoric rise and fall of a brilliant political theorist and revolutionary. Sidney Heitman, associate professor of history at Colorado State University, is editor of the forthcoming "Complete Works of Nikolai Bukharin," of whom he is preparing a biography.*

By SIDNEY HEITMAN

—*UPI*

Leon Trotsky—a classic tragedy

AMONG the countless tragedies that were the illegitimate offspring of the Russian Revolution, perhaps none more closely approached epic proportions than the ordeal of Leon Trotsky. A brilliant Marxian disciple, a fiery and indomitable revolutionary, the hero of 1905, and the organizer of Bolshevik victory in 1917 and in the Civil War, he attained a degree of power and authority at the peak of his career in the middle 1920s rivaled only by that of Lenin. Meteoric as was his rise, so was his precipitous fall, however, for the end of the heroic age of the Revolution ended its need for heroes, and men like Trotsky were rendered superfluous. Spared the fate of others who failed to turn with history, he was condemned to one even worse—the living death of an exile without a country and a rebel without a cause.

The rise and fall of Trotsky has been recounted many times, but nowhere so ably as in Isaac Deutscher's monumental biography. *The Prophet Outcast,* which culminates his trilogy (*The Prophet Armed* and *The Prophet Unarmed* were published in 1954 and 1959 respectively), deals with the bitter years of Trotsky's exile, beginning with his expulsion from the Soviet Union in 1929 and ending with his brutal murder in Mexico City in 1940.

Based largely on the heretofore secret section of the Trotsky Archive in the Houghton Library of Harvard University and the author's incomparable knowledge of the public and clandestine history of modern Communism, this volume is in many respects the finest of the three. Mr. Deutscher's inimitable craft as a historian and political analyst makes an incredibly complex subject dramatic and lucid reading as he skilfully unravels the thread of Trotsky's odyssey in exile from the tangled skein of world events during the decade of the Thirties that furnished the setting for his personal and political ordeal. Calumniated by enemies, stalked by sinister plots, and haunted by threats of violence and death, Trotsky struggled relentlessly to vindicate himself at the bar of history, to expose the betrayal of Marxism in Russia, to alert the world to the twin contagions of Stalinism and Fascism, and to rally the shattered ranks of the international labor movement under his own banner of revolution.

But in all classic tragedy the protagonist succumbs in the end to an overwhelming fate, and so it was with Trotsky. Lacking organization, balked by the indifference of a world moving blindly toward catastrophe, and compromised by the infamous slander hurled at him by Stalin, toward the end he dimly sensed the futility of his crusade, but he never really comprehended the magnitude or the cause of his defeat. Mr. Deutscher shows, however, that Trotsky's failure both as politician and as prophet resulted as much from his own personal shortcomings as from circumstance. Temperamental and suspicious to an extreme, obsessed with his infallibility as the only orthodox Marxist of his day, and intolerant of even friendly criticism, he misread the signs of his time and ultimately alienated all of his support within and outside the Communist movement, save for a handful of dedicated disciples.

Notwithstanding his scrupulous integrity with fact, Mr. Deutscher's transparent sympathy for Trotsky as the incorruptible conscience of the Russian Revolution colors some of his judgments of the man and the ism. For example, it is highly questionable whether, as Mr. Deutscher implies, Trotsky would have wielded power differently had he rather than Stalin prevailed after 1924, or whether he would have dealt differently with Stalin had their roles been reversed. Nonetheless, Mr. Deutscher's sympathetic view of Trotsky does not diminish the value of this volume and the two that preceded it as the single most informative study of the man and his era. Its amazing wealth of fact and depth of insight make it indispensable reading for anyone who would understand the history of the twentieth century, which for a time Trotsky helped to shape.

It is with this latter role as a theoretician, writer, and social commentator that Irving Howe is concerned in his sampling of Trotsky's perennially fascinating thought. Unfortunately, however, this collection of excerpts from Trotsky's voluminous political tracts, personal sketches, and literary criticism does not begin to do justice to the content and spirit of his published works. It may have been ill-conceived at the outset to attempt a distillation of Trotsky's life-work within the confines of some thirty brief selections (his collected writings would fill well over thirty volumes), let alone represent them as "basic." But, in addition, the curious organization of the book, which is neither consistently chronological nor topical, its lack of internal unity despite Mr. Howe's excellent introductory essay, and its confusing system of dating and identifying selections—not to speak of the choice of items to be included—all detract from its intended aim of conveying a feeling for Trotsky's undeniable genius. Moreover, though in his heyday his impassioned rhetoric could move masses, these same words, torn from historical context and antiseptically set down between ellipses, have the hollow ring of an angry man haranguing an empty hall.

Still, this effort, like Mr. Deutscher's, to place Trotsky in proper perspective and to illuminate his significant contributions to the history of Soviet Russia should be welcomed as a constructive step toward further dispelling the lingering shadow cast by Stalin over the annals of modern Communism.

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Dawn of Darkness at Noon

Memoirs of a Revolutionary 1901-1941, *by Victor Serge, translated from the Russian by Peter Sedgwick (Oxford University Press. 401 pp. $10), recounts the experiences of a lifelong rebel whose disillusionments never destroyed his faith in man. Harrison E. Salisbury served for a number of years as New York Times correspondent in the USSR.*

By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

IN THE whole remarkable European generation that came of age just before World War I and that was to give the first half of the twentieth century its dominant color and tone it would be hard to find a more typical or even, perhaps, a more symbolic figure than Victor Lvovich Kibalchich, or Victor Serge, as he is generally known.

By the time of his death in a Mexico City taxicab (of a heart attack) in November 1947, Serge's career had encompassed boyhood poverty and street struggle in Belgium, wild anarchist activity in Paris and pre-World War I Spain, dedicated service to the early Bolshevik cause in revolutionary Russia, a major role in the frenetic underground of the early Comintern, deepening participation in a whole series of legal and illegal Oppositions within the Soviet Union, internment, imprisonment, exile, major careers both as a highly individualistic revolutionary and as a brilliant and polemic novelist, and tragedies too numerous to count. Most of those who had been near and dear to him throughout his life had died in Stalin's camps, under the guns of Communist executioners, before firing squads in Barcelona, in the extermination chambers of Nazi Germany, or of simple tuberculosis in the back slums of Paris.

Like most of his comrades, Victor Serge drank the bitter tea of disillusionment during a large part of his life but, somehow, never lost his faith that man would eventually overcome his political immaturity and ingrained tendency toward self-destruction and emerge upon a sunny plateau of humanity, love, and dedication.

Serge's life, also like that of so many of his comrades, had the form and unity of a Greek tragedy. He was born to be a rebel. His father was an idealistic Russian revolutionary. A near relative was Nikolai Kibalchich, who made the bomb that took the life of Alexander II of Russia on March 1, 1881. Serge himself was born in Belgium, his parents having been driven from Russia because of their political faith. As Serge recalls: "On the walls of our humble and makeshift lodgings there were always the portraits of men who had been hanged."

The great catastrophe of Serge's existence was the Russian Revolution and the totalitarian turn it took, first under Lenin and then, in accelerated form, under Stalin. The seeds of Stalinism, as Serge carefully notes, were sown in ground prepared by Lenin and especially by Lenin's authoritarian rules for the administration of the Bolshevik Party.

Individualistic and anarchistically inclined though he was, Serge granted the necessity for firm rules and discipline to preserve the Revolution in its early days. But once the Party itself began to clamp down upon open argument and free expression of various kinds of revolutionary thought, the die was cast. Stalinism, the excesses of the Cheka, the OGPU, the NKVD, and MVD, and all the rest were bound to follow.

Having observed the development of Bolshevism in Russia and, through the Comintern, on the international plane, Serge was not taken by surprise at the Spanish tragedy nor by the inevitable march of events that led to the outbreak of World War II.

THESE *Memoirs* cannot be read as a literal record of Europe's revolutionary years. There are many inaccuracies, and the account is that of an emotional and vigorous participant—not that of the detached historical observer. With the partial lifting of the curtain of secrecy over the Stalin epoch we know now more precisely the fate of many individuals whose deaths Serge could only guess at.

But the prime virtue of the book lies precisely in Serge's deep involvement. We live again through the terrible struggles of the 1920s and 1930s. The terror and the triumph are recreated by a talented pen. It may well be that Serge will go down in history not as a minor revolutionary but as one of those rare individuals who have held a mirror up to great events. His novel *L'Affaire Toulaev* (published in English as *The Case of Comrade Tulayev*) ranks beside Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* as a classic description of Stalin's Russia. His *Memoirs* round out and illumine the postrevolutionary period with much the same brilliance as those of his Russian acquaintance, N. N. Sukhanov, who gave depth to the days of the February and October Revolutions in Petrograd.

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PQDN NQB CRTSZA SZWBX TBXN ZX ELRZN NQDN ZX GMBLLZCB.

AGANBDR

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1061

I am afraid humility to genius is as an extinguisher to a candle.

—SHENSTONE.

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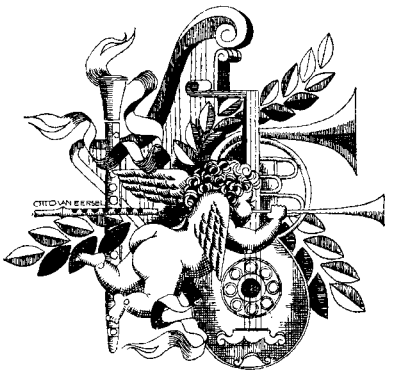
The Days of December



—*From "The Heritage of Music."*

By ALICE DALGLIESH

WE ARE beginning slowly to come back to normal after the events that shocked the nation in late November, and to realize that the children will recover before we do, and there are special days to be celebrated.

Children are as individual in their likes and dislikes as we are, and I could wish for each child that he could go to a bookstore, or any place that provides books, and choose at least one of his own. Children might make odd choices—but what of it? They would at least have a chance to get together with books; because all too often we see children's books displayed in book or department stores—but not a child in sight.

Among this season's output there is much choice, books especially for holidays, those that are fun, and those that are lavish in appearance or quietly beautiful, a plethora of fairy tales and nonfiction.

If the nation takes stock of anything, it should include that runaway industry with its many good points—and many bad—known to the trade as "Juvenile Books." We are outgrowing that name, I think; we should also grow up with regard to children's books. They are not there to provide amusement for adults—and perhaps this is one of the ways we have been running away from ourselves.

LAS POSADAS: A Christmas Story. *Illustrated by Nick de Gracia. Text by James Fraser. Northland Press, Flagstaff, Ariz.* 30 *pp.* $2.75. This book—a surprise, because I had not previously heard of the Northland Press—is small, strikingly simple and uncomplicated in text and pictures, which are gay in color, set against pages of terra-cotta, brown, gray, and white. It tells of the Mexican festival of *Las Posadas,* which children first met in Leo Politi's luminous little book *Pedro, The Angel of Olvera Street* (Scribners). In the present book there are few explanations of the festival in Santa Marta, which lasts for nine days and where:

> Every night the tired children go to bed
> To dream of the next day's posadas and piñatas
> Until Christmas Eve.

Ages 4-6.

BRING A TORCH, JEANNETTE, ISABELLA. A Provencal Carol. *With pictures by Adrienne Adams.* Scribners. 32 *pp.* $3.25. This old and lovely carol has long been sung in this country both in French and in English. It is one of the gay carols, with almost a dance rhythm. Carols were originally dances, in some places performed before the altar by the altar boys or the choir boys. In Seville, to this day, the altar boys dance by special dispensation.

The all-embracing character of a Provençal Christmas is shown by the *santons,* which appear in two of the pictures and are mentioned in the jacket note. Adrienne Adams has made the carol into a beautiful book embodying many of the Christmas customs in Provence. The full-color pictures show indoor scenes, the lighting of the candles and torches, the procession with its many lights winding its way to the church amid dark rocks. The music of the carol is given. Ages 4-8 (5-8?).

THE FOREVER CHRISTMAS TREE. *By Yoshiko Uchida. Pictures by Kazue Mizumura. Scribners.* 48 *pp.* $2.95. There were two lonely people in Sugi Village—a little boy named Takashi and Mr. Toda, his next-door neighbor, who seemed "as old as forever" and looked "as gloomy as a thunderstorm." Takashi called him Mr. Thunder.

When Takashi's sister Kaya came racing back from school with news about Christmas her excitement "spilled over to fill Takashi, too." No one celebrated Christmas in Sugi Village. It was the New Year that mattered. But now Takashi must have a Christmas tree. The search for the tree went on as the children made decorations to trim it. And—the only possible tree was in Mr. Toda's yard. Surreptitiously the children trim it, hoping the old man will not be angry. This acceptance of the tree is interesting, because he is obviously of another religious belief, but he loves the glow of the little tree and tells the children they may trim it "forever." A charming book in black and gray and very bright golden yellow. Ages 5-9.

WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE. *Story and pictures by Maurice Sendak. Harper & Row.* 40 *pp.* $3.50. There is no doubt that this book will be discussed pro and con. When the story opens, Max is playing frenetically. He has put on his wolf suit, hung a toy animal from a coat-hanger, and is driving a large nail into the wall with an oversize hammer to support a tent. In the second picture he is chasing his dog with a fork, and on the wall is a picture signed "Max"—a picture that connects with the eighteen pages of monsters met later. What came before this we do not know; probably it is the crux of the matter.

Max's mother (an invisible presence) calls him "WILD THING" and Max replies, "I'LL EAT YOU UP." Apparently for his last remark he is sent to bed without his supper. The walls of his room expand and become a jungle, a boat appears and Max goes to a place where he meets "the terrible wild things." He subdues them, is "completely in charge of his nightmare," as Sendak said in an interview with Haskel Frankel in *SR* Dec. 7, in which it is also indicated that this is a childhood memory of the author, and an "exorcism" for him. Is anyone ever really "in charge of" a nightmare?

Finally Max finds himself back in his room, the hood of his wolf suit pushed back, a bewildered expression on his face. His supper is on the table "and it is still hot."

The book has disturbing possibilities for the child who does not need this catharsis. Each child has his own fears and a catharsis is an individual matter.

The pictures rate technically very high; some of them are beautiful. How children feel about the whole book remains to be seen. Ages 6-9.

LAUREN FORD'S CHRISTMAS BOOK. *Text and pictures by the author. Scripture from the Gospel of St. Luke. Dodd, Mead.* 48 *pp.* $4.50. Lauren Ford's delight in painting the nativity, and often placing it in a Connecticut barn or barnyard, is well known. Many of the full-color pictures in this collection were made as Christmas cards for her friends. But one cannot help feeling that while there are some beautiful paintings, the book lacks unity. The text alternates Lauren Ford's comments on the Nativity story with St. Luke's version, which again does not make a unified book. It will, however, please children because of the detail of the pictures, and the many children and domestic animals included. All ages.

THE LAMB AND THE CHILD. *By Dean Frye. Illustrated and designed by Roger Duvoisin. McGraw-Hill.* 32 *pp.* $2.75. Be sure to look at the attractive endpapers in which this mystery play from the fifteenth century is portrayed as being acted on a traveling horse-drawn stage. It was at about this time that touches of comedy added to the plays brought about their expulsion from churches and took them out into the community. In this one, Mak, the shepherd, steals a sheep and tries to pass it off as his baby in its cradle. The author, who teaches English at McGill, suggests that young people may want to perform the play as it was done in England so long ago. Well and

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good, if they take the blanket-tossing of Mak a bit more easily, or omit it altogether. Ages 7-10.

MOTHER GOOSE AND NURSERY RHYMES. *Wood engravings by Philip Reed. Atheneum.* 58 *pp.* $4.57. A Mother Goose that collectors will enjoy, and also parents—and children of perhaps six, if they get a chance at it. Philip Reed, well known for his woodcuts, has made his own choice of rhymes, some of which are familiar to us, others not. Skilful six-color woodcuts with a prim old-English flavor, printed on good paper with a well-designed type page make the volume a pleasure to look at. There are few children in the book, which will probably keep it "special"; but after some of the oversweet or cartoon treatments of the rhymes it is a relief. Various ages.

AMY'S DOLL. *By Barbara Brenner. Photographs by Sy Katzoff. Knopf.* 48 *pp.* $2.95. Now that small children are receiving teenage dolls complete with "boy friends," sports cars, and elaborate wardrobes, this story is refreshing. Amy, so genuinely a child, so clear-eyed, can still find pleasure in simple things, and she chooses an old-fashioned doll and cherishes her, taking her to the doll hospital when she meets with an accident. Charming photographs of Amy and the doll, that only occasionally look posed. Ages 5-8.

LITTLE PLUM. *By Rumer Godden. Illustrated by Jean Primrose. Viking.* 98 *pp.* $3.25. Girls who are fond of dolls, and especially those who met Miss Happiness and Miss Flower in the book bearing their names, will enjoy this one. Belinda, owner of the two Japanese dolls, has a real feud (and a real fight) with Gem Tiffany Jones, who comes to live next door. (Who wouldn't fight with a nextdoor neighbor with that name?) After the two girls have got into many difficulties, the quarrel is ended by the dolls themselves, including Gem's Miss Plum. An attractive book. Ages 8-10.

THE LOST HALF-HOUR. *A Collection of Stories. Edited by Eulalie Steinmetz Ross. Illustrated by Enrico Arno. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 192 *pp.* $3.50. The colorful jacket and decorative illustrations make this a handsome gift book for children, but more important is the careful selection of stories by a librarian who is also a storyteller. It will be useful to librarians and teachers; and for good measure Mrs. Ross gives suggestions for storytelling. Many old favorites are here, including Kipling's "The Elephant's Child," Oscar Wilde's "The Selfish Giant," and Sara Cone Bryant's "The Cat and the Parrot" with its "And slip, slop, gobble down went—" that so delights the children. The title story is amusing, and there is charm in Mary E. Wilkin's tale of the silver hen who returns with twelve little silver chicks on Christmas Day. Ages 6-10.

JOHN J. PLENTY AND FIDDLER DAN. *A New Fable of the Grasshopper and the Ant. By John Ciardi. Illustrations by Madeleine Gekiere. Lippincott,* 40 *pp.* $2.95.

> Ten years ago, or maybe twenty,
> There lived an ant named John J. Plenty.

He was the familiar hard-working miserly ant we all know—but his miserly ways are emphasized by the fact that when his sister ran away with the grasshopper Fiddler Dan, John J. left them to starve. Love "though it's rare among ants" must have kept the fiddler and his bride alive, for in the spring when John J. staggered weakly out—having been afraid to eat his stores—the music was sounding, as it does all through this charming poem. Its moral is Mr. Ciardi's own:

> I guess he recovered, I hope he did
> I don't know where the fiddler hid
> With his pretty wife from the ice and snow,
> I guess about all I really know
> Is—*save a little or save a lot,*
> *You have to eat some of what you've got*
> *And—say what you like as you trudge along*
> *The world won't turn without a song.*

No age level—almost anyone can enjoy it.

ARMOR. *By Sean Morrison. Illustrated by the author.* Crowell. 262 pp. $4.50. Armor may not seem the most festive of subjects, but some boys love the Hall of Armor at museums best of all, and they may also like to read about it. The book is attractive, with a most colorful jacket adapted by Sean Morrison from a thirteenth-century French Bible in the Pierpont Morgan Library. The author enlivens it with details many may not know, and with his understated humor. The chapter on "The Tournament" is delightful, though it certainly does not picture quite the romantic affair found in most books on the subject for boys. "The feudal knight, as we have seen, was a nuisance to everyone . . . The Church found the answer in the Crusades." Ages 12 and up.

THE HERITAGE OF MUSIC. *Katherine B. Shippen and Anca Seidova, Illustrated by Otto Van Eersel. Viking.* 312 *pp.* $6. A brief—though not too brief—historical introduction to music and to the major composers. Its great advantage is Katherine Shippen's highly readable style. She makes the composers live, notably Beethoven, in agony over his deafness as he conducts the *Ninth Symphony,* "beating time for the orchestra (which had been warned to disregard his motions); surrounded by silence." At the end we have music in America, and a full glossary of musical terms. No age level given.

JOAN OF ARC. *A Horizon-Caravel Book. By the Editors of Horizon magazine. Author, Jay Williams. Consultant, Charles Wayland Lightbody, Professor of History, University of Saskatchewan. Dist. Harper & Row.* 153 *pp.* $3.95. Heritage and Horizon books always give us selections of pictures and prints we have not seen before, and here we have good measure, the text is carefully worked out, with emphasis both on the evidence given at Joan's trial and the legends that have grown up around her. The handsome cover shows Joan in armor against a blue background with fleurs-de-lys. Ages 10 up.

CAPTAIN COOK AND THE SOUTH PACIFIC. *By the Editors of Horizon magazine. Author, Oliver Warner. Consultant, Dr. J. C. Beaglehole, Victoria University of Wellington, New Zealand, Dist. Harper & Row.* 153 *pp.* $3.95. Another handsome book, with maps old and new, as well as pictures. An interesting short chapter for boys and girls who have not encountered the subject before is "The Cult of the Noble Savage."

—From "Joan of Arc."

LIFE IN COLONIAL AMERICA. *By Elizabeth George Speare. Illustrated by Charles Walker and with photographs and prints. A Giant Landmark Book. Random House.* 169 *pp.* $3.95. Elizabeth Speare, twice winner of the Newbery Medal, does not fail to make this account interesting to young people, though she never writes down to them.

The pictures are drawn (and colored) to the same formula that has been successful in smaller Landmark Books; there are marginal and other pictures of domestic utensils, toys, etc. The prints are not as unusual as those in the Heritage books, but this is for a younger audience. (Varied ages.)

ABC BOOK OF EARLY AMERICANA. *By Eric Sloane. A Sketchbook of Antiquities and American Firsts. Doubleday.* 64 *pp.* $2.95. Curiosity rather than a search for knowledge motivates one's approach to the alphabetical arrangement of objects. Young people may be deterred by it; adults may possibly be ready to accept the alphabet again. However, an index would also have been helpful. Some things not found in other books are here, *e.g.,* the first American "baby carriage," the maker of which, the author says, went to England and made the famous "pram." He also writes that the first American tin utensils were corn poppers. Informal but informative. (Varied ages.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: We apologize to Scribners and to Marcia Brown for listing the price of *The Wild Swans* as $4.50 (*SR,* Nov. 9). The correct price is $3.50.

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SR's Check List of Current Books

Anthologies

DIDEROT: Interpreter of Nature. Edited by Jonathan Kemp. International Publishers. $5.

EIGHTH ANNUAL BEST SCIENCE FICTION. Edited by Judith Merrill. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

Art

ANDREA DEL SARTO. By S. J. Freedberg. ANDREA DEL SARTO: Catalogue Raisonné. By S. J. Freedberg. Harvard Univ. Press. Each, $15. Set, $27.50.

ART, ARTISTS, AND SOCIETY: Origins of a Modern Dilemma (Painting in England and France, 1750-1850). By Geraldine Pelles. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $2.45.

Communications

THE FOREIGN PRESS. By John C. Merrill, Marvin Alisky, and Carter R. Bryan. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $5.

Drama

THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING. By Carson McCullers. New Directions. Paperback, $1.25. (Reprint.)

Economics

THE ECONOMIC AND PHILOSOPHIC MANUSCRIPTS OF 1844. By Karl Marx. Edited by Dirk J. Struik. International Publishers. $5.

Fiction

FATHER O'BRIEN AND HIS GIRLS. By David Chandler. Appleton-Century. $4.50.

KANTHAPURA. By Raja Rao. New Directions. $4.75.

MAY IN MANHATTAN. By Claire Kenneth. Appleton-Century. $4.95.

History

THE AMERICAN COLONIAL MIND AND THE CLASSICAL TRADITION: Essays in Comparative Culture. By Richard M. Gummere. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.50.

AMERICAN INTERESTS AND POLICIES IN THE MIDDLE EAST, 1900-1939. By John A. DeNovo. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $7.50.

CHINA AND THE HELPING HAND, 1937-1945. By Arthur N. Young. Harvard Univ. Press. $7.50.

HISTORY OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES. Vol. III: The AFL and the Early IWW. By Philip S. Foner. International Publishers. $6.

HUNGRY TIGER. By Frank Cameron. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

Literary Criticism

DRYDEN. Edited by Bernard N. Schilling. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

HENRY JAMES. Edited by Leon Edel. Prentice Hall. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

LITERARY WISE MEN OF GOTHAM. By John Paul Pritchard. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $6.

ROGUE'S PROGRESS: Studies in the Picaresque Novel. By Robert Alter. Harvard Univ. Press. $4.

SOMERSET MAUGHAM: A GUIDE. By Laurence Brander. Barnes & Noble. $5.

STUDIES IN GERMAN LITERATURE. Edited by Carl Hammer, Jr. Louisiana State Univ. Press. $5.

Miscellany

CANDY HITS. By ZaSu Pitts. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3.50.

Mysteries

BECAUSE OF THE CATS. By Nicolas Freeling. Harper & Row. $3.95.

Personal History

IN THEIR HONOR. By William D. Feeny. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $4.95.

ORESTES A. BROWNSON: A Pilgrim's Progress. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Octagon. $7.50. (Reprint.)

Poetry

PATERSON. By William Carlos Williams. New edition. New Directions. Paperback, $1.85.

Religion, Philosophy

CAUSE, PRINCIPLE AND UNITY. By Giordano Bruno. Translated by Jack Lindsay. International Publishers. $5.

NOTES ON THE LORD'S PRAYER. By Raïssa Maritain. Edited by Jacques Maritain. Kenedy. $3.50.

A PARENTHESIS IN ETERNITY. By Joel S. Goldsmith. Harper & Row. $4.50.

THE RECOGNITION OF REASON. By Edward Pols. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $6.

Science

A HISTORY OF PHYSICS. By Charles-Albert Reichen. Hawthorn. $5.95.

SCIENCE IN RUSSIAN CULTURE: A History to 1860. By Alexander Vucinich. Stanford Univ. Press. $10.

Sociology

THE GREEN FELT JUNGLE. By Ed Reid and Ovid Demaris. Trident. $4.95.

RACE: The History of an Idea. By Thomas F. Gossett. Southern Methodist Univ. Press. $6.95.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 6, 10, 8, 11, 7, 2, 9, 12, 3, 5, 1, 4.

"Stop letting people intimidate you! March right home and tell your wife you have no intention of asking for a raise!"

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"P-Please, Mister, how do I get out of these woods?"

The green telephone truck ground to a sudden stop on the woods trail.

Installer Jim Phillips looked down from his cab at a seven-year-old boy with a feathered headdress and a quivering lip.

"P-Please, Mister," said the small Indian, "I guess I must be lost. How do I get out of these woods?"

Jim smiled, choked back a laugh, and invited the boy to hop in. But he refused. Wise parents had taught him never to accept rides from strangers.

So Jim did the next best thing. He put his truck into low gear and with Chief Lost-in-the-Woods trudging along behind, led him six blocks back to civilization.

This little story is true—and typical of the spirit that telephone men and women bring to their work. They try to be good neighbors and give good service.

Because they're human, they don't always succeed, of course. But thanks to their earnest effort, you enjoy the finest, fastest, friendliest telephone service in the world.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
SERVING YOU

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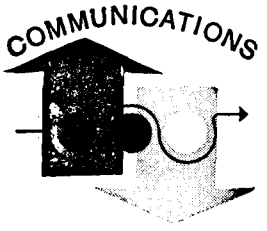
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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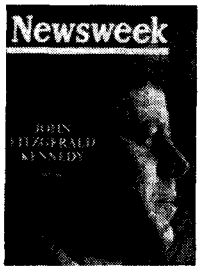
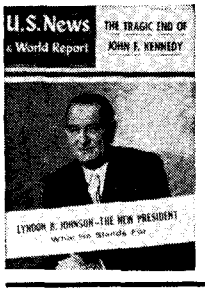


". . . in spite of incredible deadline problems. . . ."



"If You Can Keep Your Head When All About You . . ."

BEING a newsman of whatever stripe in time of national tragedy is a privilege and a care most human beings are ill equipped to handle. Special talent and training are required. It took built-in coolness under the fire of highly-charged events to put together the total television coverage of the Kennedy assassination story, with only a few human slips here and there. But the job done by the three major news magazines in getting almost everything into their current issues in spite of incredible deadline problems over a hectic weekend was something quite special.

Newsweek's technical problems were fairly typical and somehow surmounted. *Newsweek* and *Time* usually start their press runs on Sunday for distribution early in the week. In dull weeks, final copy comes in long before the Saturday midnight deadline and is set instantaneously by teletype-relay at huge printing plants, chiefly in the Middle West. By 6 A.M. Sunday, therefore, both *Time* and *Newsweek* have, in ordinary circumstances, begun to roll, with only a few news watchdogs around for emergency service. *Time's* circulation is somewhat larger than *Newsweek's* 1,600,000, but their press runs are approximately the same length, so changes can be made through the press run, and in this tremendous story many were.

The Kennedy assassination took place at approximately 2 P.M. Eastern Standard Time on the Friday before the news magazines' Saturday midnight deadline. In as professional a job of shifting the contents of a magazine as one could care to see, both editorial staffs tore out huge holes at the front of the book. *Newsweek* ended up with twenty-five completely new pages in the Kennedy story; *Time* used seventeen, including its departmental encomium to TV coverage, its tremendous cover story on Lyndon Baines Johnson, and its usual sharply edited précis of the news.

Both *Time* and *Newsweek* replated during their press runs Sunday afternoon as soon as the Oswald murder had taken place. Both used the amazing *Dallas Morning News* photo of the Oswald slaying, replating once more so that large segments of their circulations got both story and picture. *Newsweek* used for a second time a cover it had run on January 21 showing President Kennedy in color profile. *Time* had four-color plates of a painting of President Johnson (as it has four-color plates of many famous personages) in stock. *U.S. News & World Report*, which has a Friday afternoon deadline normally, used a Johnson color photo and simply tore its whole book apart and started over again inside, ending up with about twenty pages of fresh type, including its famous telegraphic newsgrams. It was quite a job, but all three news magazines came through with colors flying.

Where television was concerned, the largest audience in its history—an estimated 100,000,000 people—tuned in on tasteful, sensitive coverage of the President's final rites and burial in Arlington. Television truly came of age in its handling of the Kennedy story. All commercial broadcasts, indeed all programs except news, memorials, and coverage of the Kennedy story

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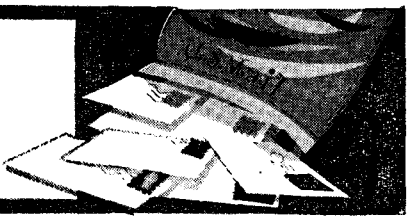
itself, were canceled all along the line, a decision that probably cost the networks millions of dollars of revenue but gained them honor, prestige, and gratitude that simply cannot be calculated in money.

There were touches of pure television, as when President Kennedy's "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country" came over the audio while the video focused on the flag-draped casket of the man who had given everything there is to give to one's country. There was the unforgettably poignant sight of Mrs. Kennedy kneeling in the Rotunda of the Capitol with her small daughter Caroline, kissing the flag covering her husband's coffin. There was the quick but tear-rousing flash of tiny John-John saluting the caisson outside St. Matthew's. There was the towering figure of de Gaulle and the exquisitely small Emperor of Ethiopia, both in uniform, silent before the President's grave. There was the fantastic murder on live TV before our eyes in a Dallas jail corridor of Lee Harvey Oswald, the man who had been accused by police as the President's slayer.

THE press, while it did its usual thorough job, was hopelessly outflanked by total TV and radio coverage. It could recoup only when its content was better than reality, as in the case of James Reston's magnificent Washington column the day after the assassination. But the *New York Times* was guilty of a piece of atrocious editing in its Monday morning issue of November 25 when the top banner line read as follows: "President's Assassin Shot to Death." The fact is that Lee Harvey Oswald had not yet legally been indicted, much less convicted, of President Kennedy's assassination. The *New York Times* had no right whatever under American law or the standards of journalistic fair play to call the man "President's Assassin." He was not the "President's Assassin"—he had simply been accused. By that point in the whole horrible story, the *Times* ought to have known better.

Worse yet, Gladwin Hill, writing under a Dallas dateline the lead article upon which this false headline was based—without the possible excuse that headlines often oversimplify—stated point-blank in that day's *Times:* "President Kennedy's assassin, Lee Harvey Oswald, was fatally shot by a Dallas night-club operator today as the police started to move him from the city to the county jail." The *Times* said on its editorial page that the Dallas police had prejudged the Oswald case over TV. But what did the *Times*'s own banner line do if not pre[illegible]dge without trial, jury, or legal verdict? —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor



Memories of McVarish

THE ARTICLE "What Makes a Good Public Relations Man?" [*SR*, Nov. 9] concerns the late Charles E. McVarish, an old and dear friend of mine. I want to tell you how happy and proud I was to see it and to assure you that it does justice to one of the finest persons I have ever known.

I have been a newspaperman for thirty-six years this coming January, some twenty-five of them with the *New York Times*. I have dealt with public relations people of all kinds all over this country, and I would unhesitatingly say that the most able, talented, loyal, discerning, high-minded, and principled public relations man I ever met was Charlie McVarish.

He was a remarkable American for these times. I watched him perform his duties for clients on dozens of occasions—always decent and understanding of all aspects that affected the newspaper's special needs and special role in such relationships. No advantage was ever worth even a hint of dishonor. I know scores of newspapermen who admired Charlie.

Mr. Golden refers to Charlie's avocation: helping people get jobs. I personally know of a score of such instances—newspapermen whose jobs vanished and a lot of ex-Marines who had hard sledding in adjusting to the postwar years. I served with Charlie in the Marine Corps, both at staff level and in combat ones, and he was courageous, compassionate and so remarkable in his gentle kindness to his command subordinates that to this day he is a legend whenever they gather to recollect the dimming war years. . . .

Unfortunately, Charlie's death didn't produce the obituary with depth and understanding that many of us had hoped to see. Charlie wouldn't have cared in the least, but a lot of us did, and your magazine and Lou Golden have done a very wonderful job of reporting on a truly wonderful person.

JOHN N. POPHAM,
General Managing Editor,
Chattanooga *Times*.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

YOU ARE TO BE commended for the admirable article on Charles E. McVarish. He was a friend and helper of an almost infinite number of people in all parts of the country who should be grateful to Mr. Golden for articulating what very many of us have always felt about him.

His aphorisms were legion. They were mainly unprintable, but I have a suspicion that they were an attempt to hide a very gentle nature. Some day someone should start to make a collection of them.

SYDNEY MORRELL.

New York, N.Y.

More on Mencken

I WANT TO REPLY to the letter and editor's note that appeared in the October 12 Communications Supplement. I want to do this chiefly for the guidance of future historians of the *American Mercury*, about which so much sheer fantasy has been written, as much as about H. L. Mencken himself.

Mr. Wallace, publisher and editor of *Reader's Digest*, tells Mr. Knopf, who tells the managing editor of *SR*, who does not tell me, that he, Mr. Wallace, was always in the habit of dealing only with "top editors and publishers." I regret to remind him that in the mid-Twenties he himself was not yet a "top editor or publisher," and he had to talk to me. To save his face I want to add that he had little choice. Mencken spent most of his time in Baltimore, and I was the only editor in charge in New York. Mr. Wallace, of course, dealt with Mencken and Knopf, too, but that was after he had had preliminary discussions with me.

Mencken probably did write that letter in praise of *Reader's Digest*. But note the year: 1934. I dealt with a much earlier time. That Mencken could have written such a letter was another mark of what had happened to him. Not too long afterward Mencken found much to praise in Alf Landon, who was running against Franklin Delano Roosevelt, whom Mencken considered as little better than a Communist. About the same time Mencken was, to put it gently, of two minds about Adolf Hitler. . . .

CHARLES ANGOFF.

New York, N.Y.

More on Groome

HARRY C. GROOME, in his article "How to Criticize Advertising" [*SR*, Oct. 12], says that criticism of advertising must be stopped. If nobody attacks advertising, nobody will have to defend it, and all will be well.

He writes that when businesses wish to expand, they *always* advertise. *SR* itself reported recently that Hershey sells more chocolate than any other producer—*entirely without advertising*. And Wilkinson Sword has recently put the whole razor blade industry in America to rout by its success—*without any advertising whatever*. The Edsel's history embarrasses some advertising apologists, but not Mr. Groome.

He associates advertising with "the very human urge to get rich, to be a VIP, and to have the accompanying perquisites." So bald an appeal to selfishness and to class-consciousness I have seldom seen.

And not a word about misrepresentation, not a word about insults to good taste and good sense, not a word about billboards on highways—not a word about any of the problems that advertising has never hon-

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estly faced. But advertising agent Groome promises to leave *us* alone if we will just leave *him* alone!

Meanwhile, *SR* announces that advertising expenditures are going up this year from $12,000,000,000 to $15,000,000,000 We had better enjoy billboards and TV commercials; we're paying for them.

HOWARD A. BURTON,
Department of English,
Riverside City College.
Riverside, Calif.

MR. GROOME'S ARTICLE was brief, concise, and rather wide of the point. Perhaps his basic premise is correct, but as a lay person or victim, I find it difficult to think calmly and dispassionately of the function when witnessing the execution. Many times, in fact, it would be most satisfying to be wielding the ax.

It is true that we depend on advertising to acquaint us with new products or changes and improvements in old ones. It is also true that "New!" and "Improved!" are often used to push the same old stuff in a different package. It is also true, alas, that much time and talent are expended in praise of products that can be described, at best, as of questionable value, or in proclaiming the superiority of particular brands of the same product that are practically indistinguishable one from the other.

No, Mr. Groome. What you ask of us is nigh impossible! When confronted with a barrel of rotten apples, it is not easy to philosophically reflect on the excellence of barrels in general. We do appreciate the clever, restrained, good taste that is sometimes encountered, but we are nearly overwhelmed by the gross, the silly, and the pernicious.

Maybe we are unfair to the art and to the profession that perpetrates it. Maybe, though, the professionals should try some sessions with radio and TV, giving the long, cold look and the long, hard listen to the short, hard sell. . . .

Mr. Groome assures us that there is nothing mysterious or sinister in this profession that has been around for over 2,000 years. The same claims are sometimes made for an even older profession. There may be some sort of analogy here somewhere.

JOHN N. FICHTHORN.
Alexander, N.Y.

Weak Weeklies?

IF WILSON SULLIVAN'S well-written "Commitment in Suburbia" [*SR*, Nov. 9] wakes up the few pusillanimous editors of weeklies who need it, it will have done the nation and weekly journalism a great service. He sets forth noble purposes, which every weekly would do well to embrace.

But if he convinces your readers that "most local editors will continue to 'measure the ads' and fill the remaining white space with pleas for the Campfire Girls or that most weekly editorials "if not lifted unsullied from the Farm Bureau, the AMA, or the NAM, seldom venture beyond a lusty concern with litter, seasonal deference to the flag, or laments over poor attendance at Town Hall hearings," or that the weekly press "is predominantly oblivious to the state, nation, and world about it, except for occasional pokes at federal bureaucracy and the foreign aid 'give-away,'" he will have done weekly journalism a damaging disservice and have handed it an undeserved insult.

There are such rags as Mr. Sullivan describes, too many of them. But they do not predominate.

If Mr. Sullivan will look, he will find more good editorials—more courageous, more enlightened, better written—in the weeklies than in the dailies.

And he will find weekly editors everywhere who have tasted economic boycott, who know what it means to have the sheriff apply his padlock on phony grounds, who know what it means to have their kids ostracized and scared to death, who know what it means to have income choked off, to have their plants bombed, to be beaten up, or to be the target of gunfire. And all this not for urging support of the Campfire Girls but for trying to open readers' eyes to the dangerous forces that are shaping the world around them. And in spite of threats and pressures that would scare the hell out of an ordinary businessman, they go right on fighting for what they believe is right.

He can find them wherever he looks. Hazel Brannon Smith of the Lexington (Mississippi) *Advertiser* bears the scars of a long battle for justice in her area. Penn Jones, Jr., of the Midlothian (Texas) *Mirror* had to repair his shop after it was bombed, and he had to defend himself with his fists in his battle with the Birchers. Mabel Norris Reese of the Mt. Dora (Florida) *Topic* was involved in a series of battles with the sheriffs. J. Wilcox Dunn of the Princess Anne *Free Press* (Virginia Beach, Virginia) was beaten up by gangsters he wanted abolished from his community. John F. Wells of the *Arkansas Recorder* (Little Rock) was subjected to all kinds of legal and economic pressures in his campaign to end election frauds. Samuel Woodring of the North Augusta (South Carolina) *Star* continued his fight for police department reform in the face of public insults and threat of personal violence. Gene Wirges of the Morrilton (Arkansas) *Democrat* was persecuted, even shot at, as he pushed his battle for clean government.

If Mr. Sullivan wants to see editorials brilliantly written and courageously fighting to enlighten communities to the real issues of our day, editorials backed with plenty of homework and plenty of risk, he can find thousands of them in the weeklies. Let him read those of his neighbors William Rotch in the Milford (New Hampshire) *Cabinet* and John Ballentine in the Somersworth (New Hampshire) *Free Press* or John Hough in the Falmouth (Massachusetts) *Enterprise*.

And let him not think the list ends there.

More power to Mr. Sullivan in his campaign to raise the sights and beef up the muscles of the weekly press, but let him not condemn the thousands of able, honest, hard-working weekly editors who have the guts to do their jobs in the finest traditions of newspapering.

EDWARD DECOURCY,
Editor and Publisher,
Newport *Argus-Champion*.
Newport, N.H.

THANK YOU FOR Wilson Sullivan's interesting commentary on the weekly newspapers. As residents of Winchester, Massachusetts, where Mr. Sullivan recently served for three years as editor of the *Star*, we can vouch that he certainly practiced here the duties which he described as primary for a community editor, "to speak out on the great issues of the world wherever these issues touch the life of his community, and to speak with accuracy, cogency, style, and courage." He stimulated even the most lethargic of us to think, to discuss, to search our consciences on the moral as well as the practical implications of important questions, and to relate these questions to our own lives.

We are glad to say Winchester is not the same because of his stay with us, and we hope it never will be.

DR. AND MRS. EDWARD S. RENDALL.
Winchester, Mass.

I WOULD BE LESS than alive to make no comment on your article on the "trivial, parochial, shallow, and dull" suburban press, the weekly newspaper. The same criticism by Wilson Sullivan applies to many weekly rural or small-town newspapers. Too many of our weekly newspapers are captives of big industry and business. What kind of controversial weekly newspapers are you going to have if more than 50 per cent of the stock is owned by a mill owner of the same town?

And what kind of a crusading newspaper are you going to have in the public interest if the newspaper owner and publisher is made a director of an inadequate phone company? Thieves have gotten away with a farmer's corn crop while the farmer vainly tried to call the rural police for help. Houses have burned down while someone

(*Continued on page* 66)

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JFK, THE MAGAZINES, AND PEACE

By JOHN TEBBEL

AS A man whose life was dedicated to the greatest cause of all, world peace, President John F. Kennedy never missed an opportunity to speak to the only force capable of making it possible—the world's people. Although it was not his practice to give private interviews to representatives of the press, he broke this rule twice in the interests of peace.

The first occasion was his conference with Nikita Khrushchev's son-in-law, Aleksei Adzhubei, editor of *Izvestia*. The second occurred last June when he talked with the editors of seven women's magazines in an interview which now has proved to be historic far beyond its original conception.

The man who set this event in motion was Robert Stein, the editor of *Redbook* magazine. Stein is a long way from the stage, screen, and television prototype of the frenetic magazine editor surrounded with big money and big names. He is a quiet, soft-speaking, middle-sized man in his thirties, who has much the same problems as his readers. Like them, he worries about the uncertain state of the world as he travels to and from his suburban home and watches his two small sons grow up.

Last spring Bob Stein was, in common with a good many Americans, more worried than usual. Progress toward the signing of a nuclear test ban was slow; the opposition of those who were opposed to taking even the smallest step toward peace if it involved signing anything jointly with the Russians appeared formidable. Stein also retained a vivid memory of the previous October, when the world's peoples stood in helpless despair on the brink of annihilation while the American and Soviet governments dared each other to end civilization over Cuba.

Remembering that crisis in human affairs and contemplating the meager progress since then toward avoiding extinction, Stein determined to strike a blow for peace by doing what a man in his job could do—that is, persuade magazine readers to make their numerous voices heard. *Redbook* and a few other magazines had been printing articles for some time about the problems of attaining world peace, but on a casual basis, never with the sustained tone of a cooperative effort.

The magazine business is not celebrated for its togetherness, although it invented the word. Its editors and publishers have seldom fought publicly with each other, in the manner of Pulitzer, Hearst and the other giants of nineteenth-century newspaper journalism, but the competition has been intense and unrelenting since the earliest days of that century. In this era of vast change, it has reached new peaks of intensity.

Nevertheless, Stein reflected, the big circulation "consumer" magazines did have access to a large segment of the public, particularly those addressed primarily to women, whose collective voice raised in behalf of the nuclear test ban or any other move toward peace would constitute a powerful pressure on government. The problem was how to generate that pressure. Stein thought he knew how.

LATE in April he did something revolutionary by inviting the editors of seven other women's magazines to sit down and talk about a common problem—peace. All but one accepted. The *Ladies' Home Journal* was sympathetic (it, too, had printed peace articles) but the Curtis organization and the *Journal* were in the midst of an agonizing reappraisal, and an editor's tenure was likely to be short. The others, who met Stein at cocktail time in a neutral corner at a midtown hotel, included John Mack Carter, of *McCall's;* Robert Jones, of *Family Circle;* Eileen Tighe, of *Woman's Day;* Wade H. Nichols and Ray Robinson, of *Good Housekeeping;* Robert S. Cramer and Mary Buchanan, of *Parents'* magazine; and Robert Atherton, of *Cosmopolitan*. Stein knew all but two of them. Collectively, the seven magazines represented were capable of reaching an audience of 34,000,000 women.

To his fellow editors Stein unfolded the idea he had been thinking about. Why not go down to Washington together, he suggested, and talk to President Kennedy? They could transmit some of the questions their readers had been asking about the issues of war and peace, especially the most important question, how women can work for peace. The President's answers to these questions, Stein proposed, could then be given simultaneously in concurrent issues of the seven magazines.

The reaction of the editors to this unprecedented proposal was enthusiastic. The two lady editors present approved it spontaneously and at once; the men were more cautious and asked questions, but they thought the idea was a good one. All of them reported heavy mail from their readers expressing concern about the future of their families under the constant threat of war. But these women readers usually felt themselves helpless, too. They wanted a clearer understanding of the issues, and they wanted to know how they could express themselves effectively. Stein's plan offered a solution.

For nearly two hours the editors discussed the mechanics of the proposal: how to avoid dull questions, how to handle the President's answers, and similar details. It was agreed that each magazine would be free to deal with the results of the conference in his own way, but whatever was done would be released simultaneously in a designated month, without special promotion for any single article.

When agreement on the details had been reached, Stein called the Presidential press secretary, Pierre Salinger, to sound out the White House. The President was extremely receptive to the idea, Salinger reported back, and a conference date was arranged. Stein appointed Mary K. Harvey, secretary of the McCall Corporation Editorial Committee, as secretary to the group. She began immediately to arrange the details of the meeting and to provide background material.

At six o'clock on the hot, humid Friday afternoon of June 14, the editors sat down in the White House with Mr. Kennedy, armed with their written questions. The President had been having a hard day, wrestling with the civil rights problem, but he was cordial and cooperative, helping whenever he could to make the going smoother, since the meeting had some of the disjointed aspect of a press conference as the editors asked their questions individually.

At the end of an hour, when the conference was over, the President inquired, "In what form would you like the transcript?"

"As raw as possible," Stein answered.

The President smiled and promised he would do his best, and as it turned out, he reconsidered only two small points in fifty pages of transcript.

The editors agreed to publish the re-

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sult in November, a date geared to the production pace of the slowest magazine, and agreed further not to discuss the nuclear test ban in their articles, since at the moment negotiations were still going on. In July, however, the treaty was signed, and by agreement among the editors, their representative went back for a half-hour talk with the President about the ban.

WHEN the seven magazines reached the newsstands last month, their readers and observers in the communications industry had an opportunity to assess the first truly cooperative venture in magazine history. The results were varied but impressive. *McCall's* devoted nearly four of its large pages to the story, beginning with an editorial precede describing the background of the conference, imposed on a photograph of the meeting. The text consisted of a general statement by the President about the role of women in securing world peace and sixteen questions with Mr. Kennedy's answers. *Redbook* devoted six pages to the story, with pictures, eighteen question-and-answers, suggested books and pamphlets for background reading, the President's statement, and a Stein editorial.

Good Housekeeping's contribution was a four-page piece by its articles editor, Ray Robinson, written as a summary story about the conference rather than using the question-and-answer technique, but with liberal quotes from the President, and his official statement in a box. *Parents'* magazine carried three pages and a picture, with the President's answers summarized by areas of interest—twelve of them. Again, the story was written in summary, narrative form, under the byline of Robert S. Cramer, the magazine's associate publisher.

In *Woman's Day*, the five-page peace article was unsigned but billed in the blurb as "your editor's report on the interview," and so presumably was the work of Miss Tighe. She, too, wrote an editorial precede describing the circumstances and setting the stage, followed by a dozen question-and-answers, and closing with an offer to make available to readers three of the President's previous statements on peace and disarmament. *Family Circle*'s article was done in much the same way through four pages, but with the President's answers grouped in areas of interest. The pictures in these and the other stories did not duplicate in a single instance.

Only *Cosmopolitan* did not follow the other six publications. It chose to do no more than print a single-page "Message From the President of the United States to the Readers of Cosmopolitan Magazine," in which the statement carried by the others was printed over the President's signature, beside a head-and-shoulders photograph.

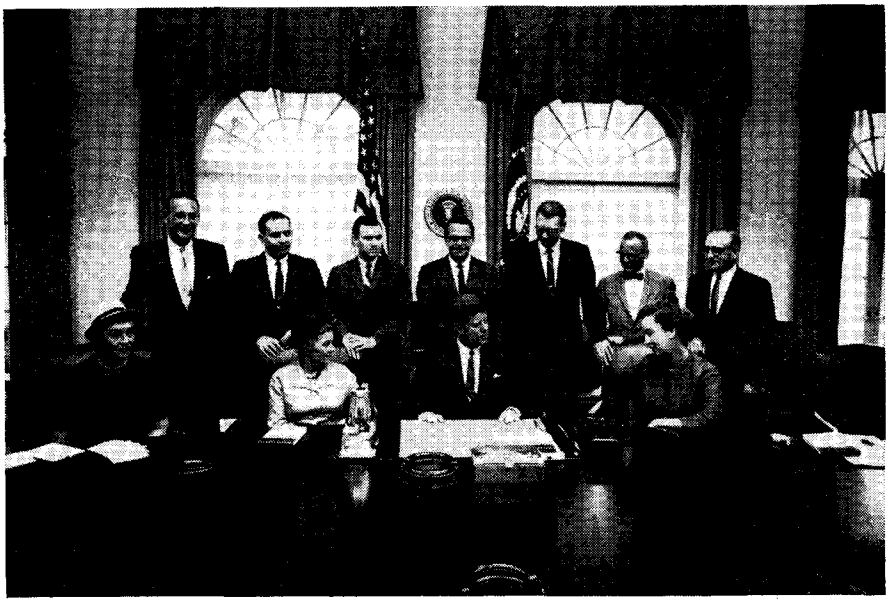
Again and again at the conference Mr. Kennedy emphasized that "people don't realize how important it is to express themselves on these issues." That, Stein thinks now, was perhaps the most significant thing the cooperative effort accomplished—to stir an interested and informed minority among women to take action for peace, as the President advised, by writing their Congressmen, keeping informed on the issues, joining women's groups and encouraging discussion. Reader mail following the appearance of the articles has convinced the editors that they made more than an ordinary impression on their audiences. The readers have answered with an outpouring of mail well above the usual response. In his own publication's mail, Stein reports, there has been only one disapproving letter.

The White House conference was in essence an exclusive story about the President's views on how women can work for peace. It had an obvious, legitimate news value, but the newspapers, which are reluctant to give a competing medium any publicity, particularly magazines, greeted the journalistically historic feat with nearly complete silence. The New York *Times* buried it far inside in two paragraphs; the *Herald Tribune* carried one paragraph and did not identify the magazines. The other New York papers ignored the story.

Outside the metropolis, it did better in versions distributed by the two major news agencies. The Associated Press put out a long story but placed the names of the editors and their magazines and the circumstances of the conference at the end, where the story could be easily cut. United Press International coverage was shorter, but the magazines were identified in the second paragraph. These stories were printed by a few newspapers, sometimes under curious headlines which either distorted or ignored the purpose of the interview.

As for the trade press, which carries complete reports of the magazine business's troubles and intramural controversies, there was silence except for one editorial in *Printer's Ink*. Asked about the omission, one trade paper editor remarked blandly that the cooperative effort and the White House conference were "not news." This reaction, coupled with the newspapers' studied indifference, led some magazine observers to believe that considerable missionary work was needed in their own profession.

Does the collective action of the magazines herald a new era of cooperation in the industry? No one believes that is likely, although the November articles were in no sense a "one-shot," as the saying goes in the business; the campaign will go on. The action, rather, was a drastic one, rising from the deep conviction of the editors that it was their private and public responsibility to do everything they could for the cause of peace. There is no doubt that all of them have been moved and impressed by what was done. They share the belief now, if they did not before, that peace can come only when responsibility for it is shouldered by enough individuals with the conscience and the will to make themselves heard.



Editors meet the President—from left (seated): Eileen Tighe of *Woman's Day*, Mary E. Buchanan of *Parents' Magazine*, President Kennedy, Mary K. Harvey of the McCall Corporation; (standing) Robert S. Cramer of *Parents' Magazine*, Robert Stein of *Redbook*, John Mack Carter of *McCall's*, Robert M. Jones of *Family Circle*, Wade H. Nichols and Ray Robinson, both of *Good Housekeeping*, and Robert C. Atherton of *Cosmopolitan*.

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THE WONDERLAND OF SUBSIDIARY RIGHTS

By PAUL NATHAN, *who writes a weekly column in Publishers' Weekly called "Rights and Permissions."*

LITERATURE has always had its business side—ever since blind Homer traded an evening of epic for a place at table and a corner to nod in. And that genteel occupation, publishing, has generally been conducted in hope of profit. In our era, however, books have turned out to have so many previously undreamed-of possibilities for commercial exploitation that it's getting harder all the time to distinguish the world of letters from the world of high finance.

Today, a killing in the stock market has nothing on a killing in the literary market place. And author futures are just as much a matter for manipulation and trading as cotton futures. Reprint rights to Irving Wallace's next novel, *The Man,* were recently sold to Fawcett for $325,000. While this promises to be a fairly sensational piece of merchandise (the title character is a Negro elevated by extraordinary circumstances and the rules of succession to the Presidency of the United States), $325,000 is still an impressive amount of money to be riding on a work of fiction still unwritten at contract-signing time.

Harold Robbins, whose popularity is attested by the record of such best-sellers as *Where Love Has Gone* and *The Carpetbaggers,* has disposed of hard-cover, soft-cover, and motion picture rights to something called *The Adventurers* for a total of more than $1,000,000. This is another book that was only a gleam in various eyes when the checks were made out.

Plodding along in the old-fashioned way, James A. Michener waits till he has something to show before his agent puts it up for grabs. But Michener's been doing all right, too. Movie rights to *Hawaii* went for a down payment of $600,000 against 10 per cent of the film's gross. Although the purchasers got so much story for their money that they've run into trouble trying to reduce it to normal supercolossal-screenplay size, it begins to look as though the picture will be made. And if, in this age of boom-or-bust spectaculars, Hollywood's *Hawaii* doesn't do a nosedive at the box office, it could certainly gross close to $20,000,000.

Movie rights and reprint rights happen to be two of the most conspicuously lucrative of the so-called subsidiary or secondary rights of books. There are many others that can contribute to authors' and publishers' economic well-being. Among these are first and second serial rights (magazine and newspaper publication, domestic and foreign), book club, foreign book publication in hard and soft covers, comic book, dramatic, television, commercial—and probably one or two I've forgotten.

Commercial rights? If you've ever snuffed out a cigarette in an ashtray bearing one of those garbled translations from the book *Fractured French,* or if, a dozen years ago, you bought some youngster a Hopalong Cassidy gun-and-holster set, you've seen these in profitable operation.

Simply printing and selling books seems to be regarded by most publishers these days as the least part of their job. Many of them are on record as saying that if it weren't for the income from subsidiaries, they couldn't keep afloat. One young man, Sol Stein, set up a new publishing house—now in its second year—on the premise that in order to qualify for his list a manuscript must also be a prospect for book club distribution, reprint, magazine sale, or some other form of secondary exploitation. With few exceptions, Stein has stuck to his rule—and the firm of Stein & Day achieved the considerable feat of winding up its first year in the black. The Day of the company title is Mrs. Stein. Between them, along with all their other responsibilities, husband and wife take care of the major details involved in the disposition of subsidiary rights.

AT the other end of the scale, Doubleday, one of the biggest in the business, keeps a staff of twenty fully occupied handling subsidiaries. There are special people to deal with syndication of Doubleday books, with granting permissions for material to be included in anthologies, and with commercial rights, foreign rights, and reprints.

When a book like *The White House Years: Mandate for Change 1953-1956,* by Dwight D. Eisenhower, comes along, virtually the full man- and woman-power of Doubleday's subsidiary rights division is mobilized to get the most mileage out of it. This is a work that all the big magazines were waiting in line for. Doubleday sent the top six mass-circulation slicks copies of the manuscript, requesting that bids for serialization be submitted by a specified date. The offers came in on time, but none, in the publisher's estimation, was adequate. Consequently, it was decided to explore the possibilities of newspaper syndication.

Six hours of telephone calls around the country produced assurances from major newspapers in two dozen cities of quite a bit more money and much more enthusiasm than the magazine bids had promised. So, although it represented a reversal of the usual way of doing business, Doubleday gave first serial rights to the newspapers; and now that the book is on the stands, it plans to approach medium-sized and smaller dailies and offer them a second go at the twenty-four instalments.

Commenting on the newspapers' response so far, from the *New York Times* down the line, a Doubleday executive observed: "It was as though they welcomed the opportunity to show they still had some fight left where the magazines were concerned. I think we have a field here we ought to return to more often."

Mandate for Change was the November selection of the Literary Guild and is to be distributed to members of the Family Reading Club. (Both these organizations, by the way, are Doubleday-operated.) Newspaper, periodical, and book rights have been sold throughout the world. And contracts for such other rights as motion picture, television, reprint and documentary records have been, or soon will be, under discussion.

A writer doesn't necessarily have to achieve the celebrity and best-seller status of a Robbins, Wallace, Michener, or Dwight D. Eisenhower to enjoy a lively spin on the subsidiary-rights merry-go-round. Take Arthur Hailey and his *Flight into Danger.* Originally conceived as a television play, Hailey's modest but nervewracking little melodrama about an airliner in distress was given a series of productions by NBC in the U.S., CBC in Canada, the BBC in England, and ABC in Australia. All this stir attracted film-industry attention; a movie version, for which Hailey was signed to write the script, was released by Paramount. The picture crystallized publishing interest: with an assist from a collaborator, Hailey turned

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the story into a novel for Souvenir Press of London. Doubleday picked this up for American readers, bringing it out as *Runway Zero Eight*. A paperback reprint by Bantam followed, while foreign-language editions were proliferating all over the map.

Next, *Ladies' Home Journal* ran the book as a one-shot, and since then it has been serialized or published in abridged form in England, Australia, Belgium, France, Norway, Germany, and a few other places. Like the Flying Dutchman, Hailey's airplane with its crew incapacitated by food poisoning is probably on the go somewhere at this very moment.

Broadway may be a book's open sesame to the fabled riches of Hollywood, besides constituting a potential source of lush subsidiary income in itself. *My Sister Eileen* traveled a path that led from publication as a series of bright *New Yorker* pieces to collection between book covers; thence to smash-hit stage adaptation; ultimately to films. In due course, someone had the idea of refurbishing the saga of the sisters from Columbus with songs and dances for another whirl in the theatre. Again, a bull's-eye. There was, in addition, a second cinematic *Eileen*, also with tunes. For good measure, the girls have been seen on TV and have enjoyed a flourishing career in summer stock, in music tents, and on the amateur circuit.

If *Enter Laughing* finally reaches the screen, as now appears likely, it will be thanks to the successful stage comedy derived from Carl Reiner's novel. The book about a stagestruck Bronx boy had been around and open to movie bids for several years. Similarly, picture producers became aware of the possibilities in Richard Bissell's *7½ Cents* and Douglass Wallop's *The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant* after the Broadway boys had turned them into the musicals *Pajama Game* and *Damn Yankees*.

A typical printed publishing contract provides for the publisher to share to some extent in practically all of an author's subsidiary income. If opposition is encountered, the publisher will sometimes yield a point here or there. On two specific clauses, however, there is enormous stubbornness. These are the clauses covering the division of reprint and book club proceeds. Traditionally, such earnings are split 50-50. But lately, certain authors and agents have been protesting. Fifty per cent of, say, $100,000 is an awful lot of money—and they ask if a publisher becomes entitled to $50,000 merely by virtue of accepting, printing, advertising a book, and putting it up for sale. Even conceding that the publisher really may depend on his subsidiary cut to stay in business, why should they, the successful writers, subsidize the weak sisters—and if they must do it at all, why give away so much?

Publishers counter by reminding authors how they have helped build their reputations, often at some initial loss to themselves—and at cost to other authors who participated in the same kind of 50-50 split. They stress the commercial values which hardcover publication confers upon a manuscript. After all, without such publication how could there be any reprint or book club rights to dispose of?

The argument proceeds apace; but in spite of seeming intransigence, change *has* been occurring. One agent tells, for example, how he negotiated a deal that netted an author substantial extra income while permitting the 50-50

fiction to be maintained. The hardcover publisher simply paid the writer $20,000 for the privilege of being allowed to do business with him!

Other special arrangements have been made with top-selling authors that give them either the full amount of income from reprints or the equivalent thereof in some concession. There is, as has been frequently remarked, more than one way to flay a feline.

In a well-nigh insatiable market the author of proved appeal has become an object of wild competition among purveyors of mass entertainment who need products. A fancy parlay in which Evan Hunter was the key figure set a pattern a couple of years ago for much that has happened since. Two unwritten novels were at issue. Simon and Schuster committed themselves to publishing both books in hard covers, paying a $25,000 advance for each and guaranteeing to spend an equal amount, or more, on advertising. Pocket Books closed for reprint rights for another sizable sum. Columbia Pictures bought in, to assure itself of screen rights to both novels should it want them; the price would be $100,000 apiece plus a percentage of profits from the films if the books showed up for a specified number of weeks on the *New York Times* best-seller list. Also, Columbia could avail itself of Hunter's services as adapter of his book, at a pre-agreed salary. Additionally, a London publisher, Constable, signed for both novels at £2,000 advances. All this without anyone—including, conceivably, the author himself—knowing what the second of the two books, at least, was going to be about!

In the *Publishers' Weekly* column in which I broke the news of Fawcett's deal for *The Man*, I reported also the first noteworthy result of Dell Books' recent purchase of a controlling interest in Dial Press, a hardcover house. Acting in concert, the two companies contracted for Norman Mailer's upcoming novel. Dial will publish the original edition, which Dell later will reprint. The agreement was signed without any editor seeing a manuscript because there was no manuscript to see. Mailer's advance is a tidy $125,000.

Hard- and softcover houses working in tandem represent ways in which publishers are endeavoring to keep valuable material out of rival hands. Trident Press and Pocket Books are so aligned that whatever Trident publishes in cloth covers eventually ends up in paper under the Pocket Book imprint. These all-in-the-family arrangements, of course, mean that there is no bidding in the open market on softcover rights. One can be pretty sure that contracts are so drawn that no author feels he is losing money by disposing of both hard- and softcover rights in a single package.

Largely because of the golden flood pouring in on them from various subsidiary sources, a number of authors have found it useful to form corporations. This improves their tax situation. John O'Hara, one of the select company of the corporate, has found it fiscally feasible to set a flat cash price of $1,000,000 on *Appointment in Samarra*. Someday he may get it. He has also placed a tag of $750,000 on the three novellas comprising the set known as *Sermons and Soda Water*. In an idle moment I made some calculations that indicated that he was asking approximately $11.50 per word, not excluding "and" and "the," for his little triptych. Meanwhile he has sold a short story, "It's Mental Work," to television for what is coyly described as the highest price ever paid by that medium.

While on the subject of corporations, note that a corporation calling itself Manuscripts, Inc., has set up shop under the umbrella, so to speak, of one of the largest publishing houses, McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. An author may sign over his rights in a book to Manuscripts, Inc., and become its "employee," starting off the relationship with a fat advance. Earnings from the book go into a "pool," from which corporation and author each receives disbursements. To qualify for employment by the corporation the author has to have a record as a top money-maker. In return, he becomes eligible for special benefits—whopping tax savings, in particular, if

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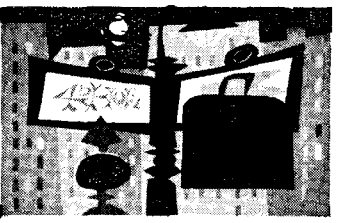
Madison Avenue



Mavericks on Madison Avenue

ADMEN, a battle-hardened lot, have learned to shrug off most of the epithets hurled at their fraternity, but there is one common barb that still arouses their ire. This is the charge that Madison Avenue is the citadel of the gray-flannel mind where orthodoxy reigns supreme and individualism is too often considered a dangerous aberration.

In trying to combat this stereotype, admen are severely handicapped by the look-alike quality of their product. The typical TV viewer, limply watching the endless procession of commercial redundancies, can hardly be expected to look upon Madison Avenue as a stronghold of creative individuality.

But the fact remains that even the advertising industry has its ample share of mavericks—admen who, for better or worse, pursue their own course without regard for the reigning orthodoxies. As in every industry, the Madison Avenue mavericks stir up their share of controversy and make more than their share of enemies. Indeed, since advertising is a "service" business in which everyone must vie for client approval, the occasional rebel has an even heavier cross to bear than in other fields.

Nonetheless, a sprinkling of mavericks are to be found at every level of the advertising business—among the small, the medium-sized, and even the mammoth agencies.

Perhaps the best-known maverick among the small agencies is a tall, white-maned copywriter named Howard Gossage, who looks a bit like a brilliant, if eccentric, English professor. While most agency presidents are hell-bent for growth, the low-key Gossage covets his agency's smallness and makes little effort to solicit new business.

Gossage's approach to advertising is based on the idea that "you don't have to bruise an elephant with 100 BB guns when you can kill it with one shot." Hence, while other agency executives usually urge clients to increase their advertising budgets, Gossage tells them to spend less and concentrate on that one dramatic "shot."

Gossage may be remembered for his Irish whiskey ads that usually stop in mid-sentence and finish a week later; for his campaign for Rover automobiles, attacking outdoor billboards; for his Rainier Ale ads offering Beethoven, Bach, and Brahms sweatshirts to "bring culture to the masses."

Where other copywriters concentrate on the "sell," Gossage is not above injecting an occasional note of satire. At a time when gasoline companies were vigorously advertising their magical additives, Gossage wrote an ad for his client, American Petrofina, heralding the fact that its filling stations would fill customers' tires with pink air.

Similarly, when a band of New York City thieves stalled in their getaway car because the driver didn't know how to operate the manual shift, Gossage wrote an ad for Rover deploring the low state of the art of grand larceny and offering free instruction in manual shifting.

A forty-six-year-old native Chicagoan, Gossage graduated from the University of Kansas City and spent several years abroad studying sociology. At the age of thirty-six, he entered the agency business and soon became a well-heeled vice-president for a big Madison Avenue agency. In 1957, however, Gossage decided to abandon the East and opened a small agency in San Francisco, its offices perched atop an art gallery in a converted firehouse. Today the agency, Freeman & Gossage, employs only nine people; the title of president is held by a minuscule Chinese woman named Alice Lowe, who is affectionately known as "Big Al" to her colleagues.

WHILE Gossage applies his unorthodoxies to relatively small advertisers, another well-known industry maverick, David Ogilvy, works for many of industry's blue-chip clients—Sears, Roebuck, KLM, Lever Brothers, General Foods, and Shell Oil.

The urbane, British-born Ogilvy is an enigma to most of his advertising colleagues. Though he works for important clients and is accepted by the Establishment of the business community, Ogilvy still rejects many of the rituals of Madison Avenue and speaks his mind with, at least for an adman, breathtaking candor.

A year or so ago, when several important leaders of advertising denounced professors and intellectuals in general for their "leftist" leanings and hostility toward *laissez-faire* economics, Ogilvy publicly advised his peers to mind their own damn business. Ogilvy has been similarly forthright in attacking the time-hallowed commission system of agency payment—a sacred cow in the agency business—and proposing its replacement by simple fees. Indeed, to the horror of his competitors, Ogilvy already has put several of his biggest clients on a fee basis.

As an ultimate heresy, Ogilvy wound up his recently published book, *Confessions of an Advertising Man*, with the contention that "television advertising has made Madison Avenue the arch-symbol of tasteless materialism," and he called for the government to set up machinery for its regulation.

Lesser men would be run out of the trade for this sort of effrontery, but Ogilvy, for one reason or another, not only gets away with it but seems to prosper all the more. His agency, Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, is a still-youthful fifteen years old but has billings of some $55,000,000.

Before entering agency work, Ogilvy had a checkered career. Born in West Horsley, England, in 1911, he dropped out of Oxford, served as an apprentice chef in Paris and a door-to-door stove salesman in Scotland, then emigrated to the U.S. and went to work for pollster George Gallup. Today Ogilvy lives in a handsome town house on Manhattan's Beekman Place and arrives at work in a Rolls-Royce.

As an adman, Ogilvy is perhaps best known as the man who put the eye-patch on the man in the Hathaway shirt, who built Commander Whitehead (Schweppes) into a sort of minor celebrity, and who dreamed up that slyly hard-sell line, "At sixty miles an hour the loudest noise in this new Rolls-Royce comes from the electric clock."

Madison Avenue's most grandiose maverick is a tall, bald-headed, unstintingly aggressive adman named Marion Harper, Jr., who presides over Interpublic, Incorporated. Some admen would protest casting Harper as a rebel; his influence is so vast, they would say, that he virtually is the system, not a rebel against it.

All the same, Harper has a vision of his business that bears little relation to the status quo, and he is working with startling effectiveness to build an empire along his Grand Design.

Harper is something unusual on Madison Avenue—a second-generation adman. Marion Harper, Senior, who himself made a mark in the ad game, channeled his son's energies into the field, saw to it that he majored in psychology at Yale (a sound preparation for advertising, he thought), and secured a good starting job at McCann-Erickson. Though Marion Harper, Jr.,

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LETTER FROM A BROKER

By PETER WYCKOFF, *whose new book, "The Psychology of Stock Market Timing," will soon be published by Prentice-Hall.*

THE biggest market in the world for news is Wall Street. In this vast money whirlpool where dealings are conducted in stocks, bonds, grain, cotton, and other commodities, the quickest and most accurate information is essential. All important markets are sensitive and flexible, and price movements are greatly influenced by variations in world events. Speculators and investors must keep constantly informed of such changes. If time is money, so is news.

The sources of information upon which Wall Street relies are as accurate and regular as the ingenuity and intelligence of man can make them:

► The stock ticker, a mechanical device invented in 1867, which prints the volume and prices of security transactions within minutes after they have occurred on the trading floor of an exchange.

► The broad tape, a machine operated by Dow-Jones & Co., which records all the important news—especially relating to finance—on an enlarged form of ticker tape.

► The financial columns of daily newspapers—the cheapest, most widely used sources of Wall Street information—plus a huge outpouring of books, pamphlets, manuals, brochures, financial services, and detailed statistical data on individual securities and industry groups.

► Stock market letters, reports issued daily, weekly, or monthly by certain brokerage firms, covering the economic, statistical, and/or technical aspects of the prevailing market trend, and usually including ideas and suggestions about what stocks to buy, sell, or avoid entirely.

The broad collection of facts and opinions goes on continuously in Wall Street. About twenty percent of everything published relates to business. Most of it has some bearing on security prices. But, as in the production of radium, many tons of matter must be reduced before an ounce is available as the basis of a market movement.

Stock market letters have only recently come into their own. They are a good advertisement for the writer and the firm he represents. They supply much material influencing the formation of optimism or pessimism, are often widely quoted in newspapers and magazines, and are passed from person to person, especially if the author has demonstrated his ability as a forecaster. The best of them have many thousands of followers all over the world.

But advising others what to do in the stock market is in general a thankless task. As one forecaster put it, "When I'm right nobody remembers; when I'm wrong nobody forgets!" Writing a market letter is like trying to do a tightrope act on slack wire: it must be approached with rare skill and caution.

In the first place, the writer must understand thoroughly the background and workings of the general market. Secondly, he should be a voluminous reader of financial material, well versed in the statistical, technical, and economic matters that affect stock price movements, and be able to produce an intelligent, cheery letter—containing just the proper personal touch—in short, readable paragraphs in which the conclusions are unhedged and self-evident.

He should avoid assiduously any lengthy post-mortems of the past. It makes no difference if that past is a day or an hour old. A Salome-like propensity for serving up the plattered dead head of the market—rather than delving into the workings of the living organism, uncovering its tendencies and characteristics and its latent strengths and weaknesses, so as to better estimate its probable future performance—won't win a profit for anyone. As Daniel Drew often asked, "What's the use in digging up dead dogs?"

If the writer has the friendship or confidence of Big Men—individual operators and institutional investors who deal in securities on a grand scale—his position may be secure. Yet this is not certain by any means. The Big Men die; they are sometimes out of the market for long periods; occasionally they go broke. But the public never dies and is never broke. It is ever-growing and always in the market to some extent. How to supply the public with sound and profitable advice must be the constant concern of every broker.

It is a fundamental proposition that the public is usually optimistic, and if you expect to do business you have to meet it at least halfway. Pessimism somehow seems to imply disloyalty to something. And the stock market forecaster who is not essentially an enthusiast, who does not believe that this is the greatest and richest nation on earth and that the securities available in Wall Street are the best to be had on the inhabitable globe, is not going to attract many followers.

If he is 100 per cent bullish on the market and his prophecy is right, he may become a hero. If he makes the same hopeful forecast and it turns out wrong, his readers will tend to overlook it; we all make mistakes. But if he views the dark side too soon and warns of a slump that doesn't come, his reputation may be shattered. The people who sold on his advice before the peak is reached will never forget the money they think they might have made. The almost unforgivable sin of the broker is to advise selling at anything far short of the ultimate top. Perhaps this accounts for the scarcity of sell recommendations when prices are bobbing near peak levels.

A forecaster may realize the importance of keeping his most sensitive fin-

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ger on the public's pulse and may exude boundless optimism, but he must also guard carefully against overdoing it. The Securities and Exchange Commission has ruled that a financial analyst can break the antifraud law by writing an untrue market letter about a stock. Moreover, the New York Stock Exchange frowns on promissory, exaggerated, or flamboyant statements containing unwarranted superlatives. Neither organization seeks to inhibit the needed flow of facts and research, but disseminating irresponsible advice or misleading information to the public is strictly taboo.

Critics of market letters claim that some authors tend to paint success in gaudy colors, but ignore their mistakes in dignified silence. They further assert that those popular conjunctions "if" and "but" are used too liberally; that literary loopholes and stereotyped phrases will only leave the reader stabbing at raindrops with a fencing foil.

The average person studies a market letter primarily to find suggestions that will help him formulate plans for making money today, tomorrow, or sometime in the foreseeable future. He doesn't buy a stock merely for the sensation of hitting it right, or for the amusement, or to vindicate his judgment. He risks his time, cash, and nerves only for what he hopes to make.

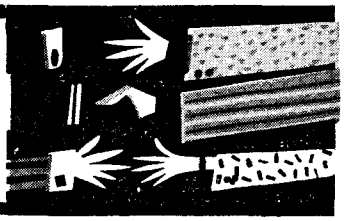
It is the writer's job to lay the cards on the table—face up in order of their importance—discard the chaff, tell the reader in clear and concise language how the game stands so far, and submit ideas that may help him make or save a dollar.

But some people seek a broker's advice only because of an inborn desire to have someone to blame if a trade goes wrong. They seldom thank him for any profits he may help them win. They seem to believe that brokers can always pick a winner, tell how far it will travel, and ring a bell when they should buy or sell. How can brokers possibly have all the right answers? It is beyond the capability of anyone.

During the panic of 1873, Edmund C. Stedman, broker-poet of the Stock Exchange, wrote: "A customer should know his own mind, and have his own opinion, or not deal. It is not the custom to expect the broker to judge the market. If he could always do so, he would not need any customers, but would prefer to deal exclusively for himself."

A person following a market letter—indeed, anyone dealing in securities at all—must learn to stand on his own feet. And once he understands better what to do, or what not to do, he can blame mostly himself for any blunders—or pat himself on the back.

Public Relations



Unions Need Public Acceptance, Too

THE need for public acceptance is an old story to trade unions. Long before industry realized the necessity of public good will, trade union leaders were taking their case to all who would listen.

Today the problems facing unions are of a vastly different nature from what they were even a few years ago. Large segments of the public are turning against organized labor's leadership. And the leadership itself is not quite certain what its future is. It is concerned that unions are losing public support, fully realizing that without it unions are in a position similar to that of management in the Thirties.

Despite their current problems, however, public relations directors of unions have an advantage over their corporate counterparts. Union public relations people report directly and have instant access to their top bosses. They can get decisions on policy without going through the slow processes of decision and clearance on which a modern corporation, by its very nature, must insist. During a strike, for instance, a union can always beat a corporation in getting its story to the press and so to the public.

Many unions have skilled public relations men on the payroll. The auto, steel, and machinists' unions all have exceptional public relations departments, staffed by men who know their business. The same is true of a few of the smaller unions. And the AFL-CIO uses techniques similar to those of the better public relations departments of large corporations.

THE forerunner of the AFL-CIO, organized on December 15, 1881, in Pittsburgh as the Federation of Organized Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada, became the American Federation of Labor in 1886. In 1935 John L. Lewis led what was then known as the Committee for Industrial Organization out of the AFL, and two years later the CIO was ousted from the organization in which it had its origin.

Although the CIO had a public relations director from the beginning, it was not until 1935 that the AFL got its first public relations director. As a matter of

"Darling, you're bewitched again!"

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practical operation, however, Samuel Gompers was one of the earliest and most successful union public relations men. Today the AFL-CIO, which was formed on December 5, 1955, after the dissolution of the two old bodies, has a public relations director and eight other full-time men in the public relations department.

Two of the staff members work on the speakers' bureau, which puts an annual average of nearly 500 speakers on college and university campuses. Two other staffers spend their time solely in radio activities. These include the preparation of commercials for the Edward P. Morgan news and comment program (which the AFL-CIO sponsors and which is broadcast over 200 stations) and the handling of three free-time radio programs: *Washington Reports to the People*, a weekly show over 675 stations; *As We See It*, used by schools and classrooms; and *Labor News Conference*, carried on 126 stations.

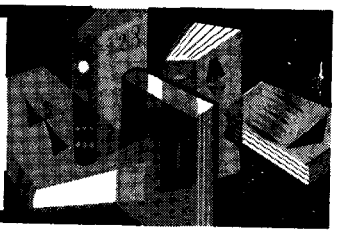
The other members of the AFL-CIO public relations department switch from project to project as the need demands. They answer press queries, prepare press releases, arrange press conferences and briefings, write speeches, special pamphlets, and testimony for use at Congressional hearings.

The AFL-CIO's public relations department does a substantial amount of work in films. The most recent film, *In Common Brotherhood*, tells the story of the organization's work in international affairs. Others are *They Have What It Takes*, a fifteen-minute film for the President's Committee on Employment of the Handicapped; *People and Politics*, produced in 1962 for use by the Committee on Political Education; *Land of Promise*, a half-hour documentary on the effect of the trade union movement on the country; *Americans at Work*, a fifteen-minute film for free television use describing trade unionists doing jobs in all kinds of industries and trades.

In addition, the AFL-CIO publishes *AFL-CIO News*, a weekly; the *American Federationist*, a monthly; and a thrice-weekly mimeographed news service. These three publications and the regular pamphlets, of which 120 are now available on a variety of union-related subjects, are prepared by the Department of Publications, which is separate from the public relations department but works closely with it.

The AFL-CIO public relations department works in a loose, informal, flexible way, and President George Meany is always accessible for decisions. That is the way responsible union leaders want it, for they have always been aware that their success, and even their survival, depends upon the consent of our society. —L. L. L. GOLDEN.

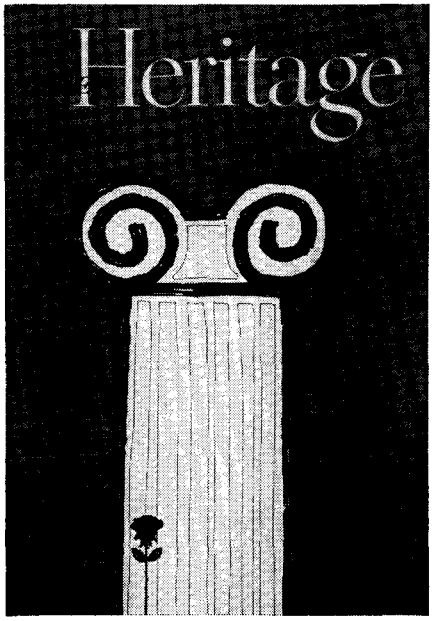
Books in Communications



It Can Still Be Done

IF YOU want proof that it can still be done, that it is possible in this day of high production costs and fierce electronic competition to start a new print periodical and make a go of it, all you have to observe is the first issue of the new American quarterly of Greek culture, *Greek Heritage*. The initial printing is now in subscribers' hands, and it is a thing of beauty to behold. It carries no advertising and is hard-bound, like a fine book. The first year's circulation is expected to reach 25,000 and even the charter price of $20 (the regular price will be $25) does not seem to have discouraged subscribers. Each issue will exceed 100 pages and about one-third of each publication will be in color. As for content, its lode of material is obviously bottomless. The initial issue includes such diversified contributors as Lawrence Durrell, Nikos Kazantzakis, George Santayana, Edith Hamilton, and Kimon Friar. Mr. Friar is the editor and Christopher G. Janus is publisher.

In his statement to charter members, Mr. Janus says, "The Greek heritage is everyone's heritage. It's evident all around us—in art, architecture, philosophy, government—even in the names we give our rockets and neuroses. We got the idea of democracy from the Greeks, as well as the Olympic games. Musical scales, military tactics, a love of good food, wines and luxuries, the techniques of poetry and drama—are all Greek in origin. Our debt to Greece is colossal, to use a Greek word which Hollywood has made familiar."



Greek Heritage, Vol. I, No. 1—"Our debt to Greece is colossal."

This amazing new publication is not dedicated to the Greeks themselves but to the spirit that created the glory that was Greece. No other civilization made such an impact on the civilized world as Hellenic culture. What *Greek Heritage* is bringing to readers is from the sum of the great ideas throughout 6,000 years of Greek history.

We understand that some of the authors to appear in the new quarterly during its first year will, besides those mentioned above, include Will Durant, André Malraux, Sir Maurice Bowra, Doris Fielding Reid, Alexander Eliot, Mary Renault, and Harry Mark Petrakis. The first issue publishes thoroughly satisfying reprints from the ancient culture. Sappho is represented with ten poems, all of them fascinating and one or two astonishingly modern in structure. The art work is in black and white and in color; if you want to feel the British poet's excitement at looking upon a Grecian urn, we suggest you turn to page 4 for immediate poetic identification and understanding. The text is, by the way, almost wholly in English; the makeup and format are quite like James Parton's *American Heritage*. It is quite a job all round, and has been a smash from the start—with reason. —R.L.T.

Platitudes and Paradoxes: The history of American journalism is, among other things, a quaintly charming mixture of thundering oratory, great men and their great or greatly misguided achievements, and epic victories that have sometimes grown out of epic skulduggery. Take the case of Edward Wyllis Scripps, first of the successful chain journalists and a man whom Lincoln Steffens called "one of the two or three great men of my day." Scripps, a self-styled "damned old crank," could write to one of his fledgling editors this self-consciously moral scrap of advice:

> I would advise you to begin your course as editor of this paper with one object and only one object in view,

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and that is to serve that class of people and only that class of people from whom you cannot even hope to derive any other income than the one cent a day they pay for your paper. . . .

At the same time, living like a cantankerous old tyrant on his 2,100-acre ranch, Scripps could say that he would sacrifice anything in the world for the common people but he was damned if he'd live with them.

This sort of paradox, common enough in American journalism, hasn't escaped the eye of John Tebbel, an old newspaper hand, author, and teacher who has managed to compress some two and a half centuries into just under 300 pages in *The Compact History of the American Newspaper* (Hawthorn, $4.95). And compact it is. Jogging along at about a page a year, Tebbel ranges from the colonial press to the present day, with brief pauses in the whirlwind tour whenever a likely anecdote catches his attention. The result is a swift and often peppery survey which, if it doesn't offer much that's new, is at least a rattling good starting point for anyone who wonders how our newspapers ever got that way.

A final chapter, "The Crisis of the Newspaper Business," offers as clear and persuasive an explanation of journalism's current problems as I have seen anywhere. Neatly and unambiguously, Tebbel ascribes those problems to a) monopoly, which has chipped away at competition, both in business and in ideas; b) automation, which might provide a solution to the cost problems that make monopoly possible and even inevitable, but which at the moment is creating as many problems as it is solving; and c) purpose, which Tebbel argues has been all but lost. Newspapers, he says, are duller, more frivolous, and increasingly obsessed with the absurd notion of giving people what they want. "A large part of the press," he writes, "continues to live in an unreal world, fighting battles which were decided long ago by the inexorable course of events, while its responsibilities go unfulfilled. In becoming a business institution, newspapers, with a dozen or so honorable exceptions, have utterly lost the sense of history which so possessed the nineteenth-century giants."

His diagnosis should infuriate the editors he's talking about, but it's unlikely that it will. They're too busy turning out their newspapers—with craftsmanship, competence, and irrelevance. And too busy, certainly, to think about anything as remote from their concerns as Tebbel's definition of the function of newspapers: "to explain the world to the people who live in it."

—James F. Fixx.

Subsidiary Rights

Continued from page 59

he chooses to live abroad—and a degree of financial security not built into the ordinary book contract. (There is provision for a pension, for example.)

Samuel Johnson undoubtedly spoke for a large element of the contemporary writing fraternity when he proclaimed: "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money." In our own time Niven Busch, author of *Duel in the Sun*, is on record with the assertion that "the writer who doesn't angle his books for film sales is an idiot." Expanding on this in a letter to my *PW* column, Busch said: "I don't mean that you have to distort or degrade your work to get it into some form that movie companies will buy. If you do that they generally won't buy it. What you have to do is *select a subject*, out of the many which pass through your mind, if you're worth anything as a writer—*a subject which will appeal to a wide audience* and hence merit, and probably get, exposure in films, television, and whatever electronic devices for communication the future may provide. . . ."

Sounding almost like a reply to the words I've italicized is E. B. White's statement in *The Elements of Style*: "The whole duty of a writer is to please and satisfy himself, and the true writer always plays to an audience of one. Let him start sniffing the air, or glancing at the Trend Machine, and he is as good as dead, although he may make a nice living."

Details of that million-dollar deal for Harold Robbins's *The Adventurers*, mentioned at the beginning of this article, were made public at a press conference. Trident Press, Pocket Books, and Embassy Pictures all were represented and identified as co-signatories with Robbins. It was indicated that the author planned to start work on the new novel and movie script together and ride the two steeds neck and neck, crossing the finish line on both at approximately the same time. He acknowledged that while it had indeed been a pleasure to sign the contracts, he rather dreaded the next step, the actual writing. And who can blame him?

As the rights race gathers speed, it looks more and more as though what goes into a book is less important than what's to be got out of it.

Madison Avenue

Continued from page 60

had every good reason to embrace advertising as he found it, he quickly decided that agencies, as then constituted, represented an anachronism.

He objected to the baronial lines of control, the narrow financial ownership, the excessively personalized approach to client service, and the obliviousness to the potentialities of research. In 1948, at the age of only thirty-two, Harper became president of McCann-Erickson and started to reshape his company.

Fifteen years later the task is by no means complete, but the results to date have been impressive. McCann-Erickson has become but one link in a broad spectrum of ad agencies and other service organizations operating under the aegis of Interpublic, with Harper as president and chairman of the parent company. The other subsidiaries include big agencies like Erwin Wasey, Ruthrauff & Ryan; small, specialized units like Johnstone, Inc., which handles mainly fashion accounts; a market research company, Marplan; Infoplan, a public relations company; and Jack Tinker Partners, a group of assorted specialists whose job it is to "think."

Given this vast apparatus, Interpublic is geared to handle a wide variety of clients—those wanting a big operation or a small, specialized one. It also is theoretically able to handle competitive accounts among its various component agenies—a practice that has long inhibited the growth of other big agencies.

Many Madison Avenue skeptics denigrate the Interpublic structure and argue that Harper is obsessed with a vision of giantism. Harper's critics vigorously denounce his insatiable appetite for new accounts and new agency acquisitions. They also contend that Harper, with his emphasis on marketing and research, lacks appreciation for the craft of ad-making and that his agencies' creative output reflects this weakness.

There is an element of truth to some of these charges, but Harper has at least one unassailable answer: success. Today Interpublic's total billings are approaching $500,000,000—a level once thought unattainable in the agency business. This year Interpublic shot past J. Walter Thompson to become the world's biggest ad organization.

Harper, like all agency mavericks, has had his troubles with reluctant clients as well as critics within his own company. But the interesting point is that he, like Ogilvy and Gossage, have all found fertile ground for their theories and ambitions in the advertising business; and the industry has been vastly enriched both by their originality and enterprise.

—Peter Bart.

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Letters to the Communications Editor

Continued from page 55

was unable to get through a phone call to the fire department.

Lives have been lost and bodies mangled for life at railroad crossings with inadequate safety precautions. From what was forthcoming from the weekly nearby you would think the publisher was in the pocket of the railroad company. Especially after you see a series of ads telling of the railroad's virtues.

For a solution, may I suggest that the weekly readers put the same verbal and financial pressure on the weekly owners and publishers that the more powerful interests bring into play? Go into the shop and talk to the top man of the paper and let him know his paper is worthless without *circulation* and that you have it in your power to let his paper wither on the vine.

J. Wilson Harrison.

Spartanburg, S.C.

Three cheers for Wilson Sullivan and "Commitment in Suburbia." Most weeklies are indeed committed to publishing the dry and the dull, everything from Girl Scout to garden club news. Some, though, offer a solid front page of "hard" news, more comprehensive and complete than that of a community's dailies. Some even present a well-written editorial page. The nonsense (and it amounts to that) is confined to three or four other pages. There are many poorly written weeklies, but there are some that make an effort to complement news found in area dailies.

Richard A. Morrison,
East Providence *Post*.

East Providence, R.I.

Negroes and Advertising

After reading your editorial "The Negro and the Advertiser" [*SR*, Nov. 9], I must write of a pet peeve of mine.

It has gotten to be a joke, and I mean that literally, to watch most of our network television shows. It has come to the point that any show seen on television, even a Shakespearean play, must have some Negro players in the cast. Now I am certainly not against Negroes, Indians, Mexicans, or Whites being used if their presence is authentic. But to go to extremes seems very foolish to me. Many good plays have been ruined because of miscasting.

It has even gotten to the point that the camera man will go to great pains to point out a Negro in the audience of a show several times. It seems that they are saying, "Please don't hit me, Mr. NAACP, don't you see that I am using the Negro?" I think this looks ridiculous to most people, both white and colored.

Emmett L. Davenport.

Sylacauga, Ala.

The article "The Negro and the Advertiser" [*SR*, Nov. 9] was very interesting. I agree with Mr. Tobin wholeheartedly that the Negroes today are fulfilling the opportunities put before them.

Joette McConnell.

Austin, Texas

Educational Films

Though John Tebbel's "Mitch's Biggest Pitch" [*SR*, Nov. 9] gives an excellent account of Maurice B. Mitchell's work, I want to make one correction. The first series of humanities films, which established a new bench mark in education films, was produced by the Council for a Television Course in the Humanities for Secondary Schools, Inc., a Boston group working under a grant from the Fund for the Advancement of Education. This series of twelve, including four filmed lessons on *Oedipus the King* with Bernard Knox, an equal number on *Hamlet* with Maynard Mack, and two on *Our Town* and two introductory films with Clifton Fadiman, were filmed and distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films. But they were produced and are copyrighted by CTCH, a nonprofit corporation now called the Massachusetts Council for the Humanities, Inc.

W. Howard Niblock,
President,
Massachusetts Council
for the Humanities.

Boston, Mass.

Journalism Education

I read with great pleasure and full approval the article "What's Happening to Journalism Education?" [*SR*, Oct. 12]. John Tebbel speaks with authority and courage when he supports the academic viewpoint of the majority of schools and departments of journalism.

Mr. Tebbel decries the efforts of some educators in the professional field of journalism instruction who envision intensive research into reading habits, motivation, emotional influence of typographic devices, and frequency of use of the indefinite article in the writing of editorials as the basis of preparation for professional newspapering. I offer a hearty "amen" to his prayer that students in journalism be well grounded in the practical aspects of newspaper writing and editing rather than subjected to the rigorous discipline of "mass communications research."

I do not condemn research as an academic and scientific approach to progress and advanced knowledge. I do believe, however, that a journalist must learn to walk before he learns to run. It is a genuine contribution to the profession for a few schools of journalism to offer training in research methods to selected and highly qualified graduate students.

But for some educators to advocate that *all* schools and departments should stress the research path for undergraduate students to follow is, I believe, a disservice to both student and profession. The greatest contribution that journalism educators can make to the profession is to produce graduates well grounded in basic techniques and possessing a broad liberal education that stimulates their intellectual curiosity.

C. E. Bounds, Head,
Department of Journalism,
University of Alabama.

University, Ala.

THE REASON why there has been a steady decline in the number of metropolitan dailies is purely economic. The costs of publishing a metropolitan paper have become so great that few cities in the country are large enough to support more than one profitable morning paper and one profitable afternoon paper. . . . Obviously, there are major economies if both a morning and an afternoon paper are published in the same plant, as contrasted with having two separate plants where the equipment, which costs many millions of dollars for a large paper, sits idle half the time. This is another reason for the trend toward single ownership of metropolitan daily newspapers in the larger cities.

• • •

Two or three or four decades ago, there was much more pressure for news suppression or distortion than exists today. . . . This stems partially from the fact that those newspapers that have survived are numerically fewer but economically stronger than was the case twenty or thirty years ago, and so better able to withstand pressure. Also, standards of professional integrity have steadily risen over the years. . . . Twenty or thirty or forty years ago, many businessmen assumed that in return for their purchase of advertising space they were entitled to some measure of influence or control over a paper's news and editorial policies. Happily, that unfortunate assumption has almost entirely evaporated everywhere, and, with minor exceptions in a few cities, newspaper advertising space is now bought and sold solely on its merits as a sales and promotion medium.

• • •

. . . Even though fewer and fewer cities can afford more than one daily newspaper publishing company, still no single publishing company can possibly monopolize or even critically restrict the flow of information and advertising available to the public. There are too many other daily newspapers, weekly newspapers, suburban newspapers, local radio and television stations, news magazines, etc., for any single publishing company to "monopolize" a city or area.

—From a recent speech by John Cowles, president of the Minneapolis Star & Tribune.

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Editorial

Continued from page 18

highly effective in stripping the encrustations of hypocrisy from cherished ideals.

One of the most difficult problems we face is to make it possible for young people to participate in the great tasks of their time. They have found a few constructive outlets recently, notably the Peace Corps, but on the whole such opportunities are rare in a complex technological society. Alexander might conquer half of the known world in his early twenties, and nineteenth-century New England lads might be sailing captains in their late teens; but our age lays enormous stress on long training and experience. We have designed our society in such a way that most possibilities open to the adolescent today are either bookish or frivolous. And all too often when we do seek to evoke his moral strivings, the best we can do is to invite him to stand sentinel over a drying reservoir. What an incredibly dull task for the restless minds and willing hearts of young people! It is hardly surprising that many young people think of the moral order as something invented by parents, deans, and commencement speakers for the sole purpose of boring the young.

The notion of the drying reservoir is particularly inappropriate because it suggests that the problem is to preserve something that can never be added to. In this way it induces defensiveness and ignores all possibility of creativity. Men thinking in terms of the almost empty reservoir will be much too preoccupied with preservation to build creatively for an unknown future.

Instead of giving young people the impression that their task is to stand a dreary watch over the ancient values, we should be telling them the grim but bracing truth that it is their task to recreate those values continuously in their own behavior, facing the dilemmas and catastrophes of their own time. Instead of implying that the ideals we cherish are safely embalmed in the memory of old battles and ancestral deeds, we should be telling them that each generation refights the crucial battles and either brings new vitality to the ideals or allows them to decay.

In short, the nurturing of values that maintain society's moral tone—or allow that moral tone to slacken—is going on every day. It is not the dull exercise in ancestral piety that some adults make it seem. It goes on in the dust and clamor of the market place, the daily press, the classroom and the playground, the urban apartment and the suburban ranch house, and it communicates itself more vividly through what men do than through what they say. The moral order is not something static, it is not something enshrined in historical documents, or stowed away like the family silver, or lodged in the minds of pious and somewhat elderly moralists. It is an attribute of a functioning social system. As such it is a living, changing thing, liable to decay and disintegration as well as to revitalizing and reinforcement, and never any better than the generation that holds it in trust.

Men and women who understand this truth and accept its implications will be well fitted to renew the moral order—and to renew their society as well. They will understand that the tasks of renewal are endless. They will understand that their society is not like a machine that is created at some point in time and then maintained with a minimum of effort. A society is continuously recreated, for good or ill, by its members. This will strike some as a burdensome responsibility, but it will summon others to greatness.

—John W. Gardner.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 60¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 52¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 54¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 56¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 58¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

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(Continued on page 68)

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(Continued from page 67)

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(Continued on page 70)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 69)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1549

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Subject (raw sugar) to a preliminary washing.	49 22 204 87 101 161
B. Threaten; anathematize.	29 56 79 125 43 111 129 188 74
C. Game played by six on a side, with goals six feet wide and four high, and other specialties.	189 30 103 165 126 20
D. Clear to the vision and understanding.	122 180 69 59 67 201 130
E. Genus of WORD F's, of which the Amer. hookworm *is the type.*	92 179 131 17 195 21 113
F. See WORD E.	154 99 23 104 155 197 15 102
G. Fabled abode of Circe.	51 149 166 136 63
H. Cumbersome.	185 34 116 147 174 50 18 24
I. Of inferior inheritance (comp.)	202 100 95 16 12 132 184 168 171 52
J. In crystallography, a certain 12-faced solid.	158 39 94 60 182 45 1 152 137
K. Archaic warning by an attacker as he drew his sword, equivalent to "Defend thyself!" (2 wds. after *Have*).	42 172 151 73 190 97
L. Specifying the fever which is dengue, or the sand-fly variety (comp.).	143 6 98 4 178 44 90 64
M. Charcoal brazier from Japan (WNI, 3rd ed.).	128 33 66 124 150 194 203
N. Nightjar of the family Podargidae (2 wds.).	36 140 58 32 89 157 61 19 93 169
O. Dressed in some special garb.	57 177 192 117 112 175 110 181 199
P. Lost consciousness temporarily.	41 5 26 153 167 145 71
Q. Specifying the crucial, difficult, and dangerous part of the old voyage between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans (3 wds.).	85 81 115 133 70 187 10 170 106 96 46 28 2
R. Given a familiar form of a proper title.	134 200 123 68 121 141 35 82 78
S. The blind king in the Mahabharata.	146 173 108 9 139 118 191 11 91 156 83 196 76
T. Renounced (2 wds.).	75 62 163 148 160 176 107 183
U. The bone of contention in WORD C.	25 31 3 13
V. Co-lodger in one's quarters.	40 109 159 105 47 198 162 7
W. Among those at hand (persons, objects, ideas, etc., 2 wds.).	77 186 127 38 48 54 14
X. Combining prefix meaning *spurious.*	8 164 88 55 27
Y. Phantomlike.	193 144 120 65 135 138 142 84
Z. Anne Hathaway's home town.	72 114 80 37 86 205 119 53

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odu WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

						1 J	2 Q	3 U	4 L		5 P	6 L	7 V	8 X		9 S	
10 Q	11 S	12 I	13 U	14 W	15 F		16 I	17 E	18 H	19 N	20 C		21 E	22 A		23 F	24 H
	25 U	26 P	27 X	28 Q		29 B	30 C	31 U	32 N	33 M	34 H		35 R	36 N	37 Z	38 W	39 J
40 V		41 P	42 K	43 B	44 L		45 J	46 Q		47 V	48 W		49 A		50 H	51 G	52 I
53 Z		54 W	55 X	56 B	57 O	58 N	59 D		60 J	61 N	62 T	63 G	64 L	65 Y		66 M	67 D
	68 R	69 D	70 Q	71 P		72 Z	73 K	74 B		75 T	76 S	77 W	78 R		79 B	80 Z	81 Q
82 R		83 S	84 Y	85 Q	86 Z		87 A	88 X		89 N	90 L	91 S		92 E	93 N	94 J	
95 I	96 Q	97 K	98 L	99 F		100 I	101 A	102 F		103 C	104 F	105 V	106 Q		107 T	108 S	109 V
110 O		111 B	112 O	113 E		114 Z	115 Q	116 H		117 O	118 S	119 Z		120 Y	121 R	122 D	
123 R	124 M	125 B	126 C		127 W	128 M	129 B	130 D		131 E	132 I	133 Q	134 R	135 Y	136 G	137 J	
138 Y	139 S		140 N	141 R	142 Y		143 L	144 Y	145 P		146 S	147 H	148 T	149 G	150 M	151 K	152 J
153 P	154 F		155 F	156 S	157 N	158 J		159 V	160 T	161 A		162 V	163 T	164 X	165 C		166 G
167 P	168 I		169 N	170 Q	171 I	172 K	173 S	174 H	175 O		176 T	177 O	178 L		179 E	180 D	181 O
182 J		183 T	184 I	185 H	186 W	187 Q		188 B	189 C	190 K		191 S	192 O	193 Y	194 M	195 E	
196 S	197 F	198 V	199 O		200 R	201 D		202 I	203 M	204 A	205 Z						

Solution of last week's Double Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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